Lillie Waite & Coleman
A. B Mitchell

THE TRAVELLER:

TIMES AND SPIRIT OF THE LIFE IN NEW-YORK

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The Traveller.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER
'GOING ALONG' ON THE GREAT WESTERN CANAL, STATE OF NEW YORK.

From Nine-mile Creek to Montezuma night threw her sable mantle over the woods, swamps, and waters; and though I was not fast asleep the whole time, yet I do not choose to say a word of this part of the country,—flat, fat and almost a forest for 60 or 70 miles, all the way to the great embankment beyond Palmyra. On this track the canal has to cross innumerable creeks, and the river, running from the lakes Seneca, Cayuga, Owasco and Skaneateles, which cut up this flat wilderness in stripes; not to mention the numerous runs or creeks which are spanned, or serve as feeders to this liquid turnpike; hereabouts, too, it coquets with the Seneca river, and after running parallel along the swamp to Montezuma, jumps across it, and condescends to run side by side with the lesser Clyde river, till it, in its turn, is quitted to stride over Mud Creek at Lyons.—But why should I go on plaguing my reader with so many names that have no sort of business in this part of the world,—some springing from fond recollections of Auld Lang Syne,—some from the strongest inflation of an 'all-mighty' ambition of some Lawrie Todd: and some again sticking to the literal sense of the thing, such as Mud Creek and Nine-mile ditto! I think it was near Weedsport (where, of course, there are plenty of weeds) that the largest of the Judges,—he that had conquered the grocer at whist,—was incommoded by the somnambulism of some other sleeping traveller, who, turning out of his nest, placed one of his 'dew-beaters' on the Judge's nose. I was not sorry that he took this awkward step, as it put an end to a most awful snoring, which, as near as I could guess in the dark, proceeded from the identical nose of this expounder of the law, who had had his mattrass (to account for it) spread on the deck close to the curtain that separated us males from the dear creatures in the sanctum. The Judge was a large handsome man, about forty, and did not like the idea of trusting himself to the hanging nests most of us were perched in; for the night before a hook giving way or slipping, an unfortunate fellow came whack down on the man below him, giving him an ugly wound on the forehead. Whether this accident had any weight on the Judge's decision I know not—he preferred his berth on the deck—but fortune had this freak in reserve for him, perhaps to show that no especial care can long keep us out of predestined scrapes. There was no harm done, nor even his equanimity disturbed, as he who had descended (to go on deck possibly) quickly placed his foot elsewhere, on hearing, 'Hulloo! friend, I guess you'd best back out t'other way.' Pardon was begged, the snoring ceased, & the morning sun brought us to a more varied country, near the Great Embankment, which is a stupendous work, to divert the course of a troublesome creek, and raise the bed of the canal. Gliding along on this mound, we saw, far below us, a large grist-mill in full activity, with bare-legged farmer lads on the backs of their uncurried cattle, loaded with great sacks of Indian corn or wheat. I have forgotten the name of this spot and this mill—an abominable omission, for I have an idea that there was something 'devilish' in't, from the features of the scene—like our Devil's Punch Bowl, Devil's Dyke, &c. In the afternoon we got to Rochester, the very place Galt has so well described as Judiville, in his excellent novel. Of course I went below the town (which is built on the Genesee river, and which the canal crosses on a handsome solid aqueduct) to see the Genesee falls; the distance is not more than three or four furlongs. Here the river, which descends both above and below the town with a dashing rapidity, leaps over an amphitheatre of solid rock, straight down 90 or 100 feet, in a beautiful sheet, rather in two, as there is a small sort of green island above, round which part of the water breaks. From this spot one Sam Patch chose to take his departure from this world, some two years before, by way of immortalizing the spot and his own name, poor fellow! It seems Patch had jumped more perilous leaps at Niagara and elsewhere; but—but really, as I heard all about this identical and to him last and fatal leap—I cannot skip over it in two words—but shall reserve it, and other facts connected with this large thriving town, and things therein for my next paper; and in the mean time, after looking at two boys firing at a mark with a rifle, turn about, on the brink of the fall, hurry back to the tavern, for my mind misgives me, that I heard the dinner bell!—*London Tatler.*

TRAVELLERS' TROUBLES.

In stage coach travelling, a great deal, if not all, of your personal comfort during the journey depends upon the characters and dimensions of the individuals with whom you chance to travel. With a good natured person you can talk, (reading hurts the eyes—the coach goes over a stone, bump, and you are jerked three inches above where you were) and then after that you can sleep; so between the two, the journey passes off pretty well, nay, sometimes you are half sorry it is over, though this very rarely happens. With a cross-grained animal, a man, woman or child, "crunching alecampane," as is so plessantly described in the *Halfpenny Magazine*, the case is the reverse.

Just fancy setting off on a hot July morning in a four-inside coach, after having had to scamper down a whole street to overtake it,—breathless, and with your shirts clammy on your back through perspiration, you nevertheless are comforted at seeing only two besides yourself in the coach; one a pretty slim girl by your side, the other, her father, a good humored, intelligent looking man,—you luxuriously stretch out your legs under the opposite seat, and with both windows down gradually *unheat* yourself in the pleasing current of air,—half a stage out of town, bowling along the best turnpike road in the county, you pull up with a jolt forward, before a neat white washed or stuccoed villa, having a laurel hedge and nice light green railings before it,—the horn is blown, and the pretty servant lass made to understand that the coach has come and can't wait, as it's the most riggilerest one wot is:—five minutes elapse: the guard grumbles, the coachman swears; at length out he comes, the long expected one. You take a squint through the window, and are in despair at the huge hill of flesh, with his mouth full of bread and cheese, toddling towards you,—'perhaps the gentleman is going outside? No; such people are too much afraid of their necks,—down go the steps in a crack, and up gets the Dorchester butt, wheezing like a porpoise, *not* in a crack, causing the body of the coach, with all in and upon her, to 'lie upon her beam ends,' as a sailor would say;—he of course takes the vacant corner opposite you, who are compelled to contract your legs into a position most inconvenient, to make room for his stupendous pillars, which either with fa or gout are about the size of an elephant's,—he grunts, you groan;—he hauls up both the windows because he wants to sleep and the dust incommodes him; you dare not let them down again, though within a turn of fainting or being sick;—he—but wherefore should I on describing the state of the unhappy wretches thus packed up like herrings in a barrel? Not one of my readers, doubtless, but who has been in a similar predicament, and must know that it utterly destroys all one's harmony, and renders one as sulky as a chained bear. Give me, quoth I, a place on the top of the coach, among lean people, with a great coat close buttoned to the chin, and a good cloak as over all; and I defy rain, wind, sun or snow, and can tolerate a distant vision of the 'fat gentleman.'—*London Tatler.*

Matrimonial Miscellany.

NUMBER VI.
BY CUCLES BENEDICT, ESQ.

"'Tis madness sure, you must agree,
"To lodge alone at *thirty three*!
"For writings, penn'd by Heav'n, have shown,
"That man can ne'er be blest alone."—
Freneau.

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.
BY BARRY CORNWALL.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears,—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;
All else is flown?

Ah!—With what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and time.

MR. BENEDICT,—In looking over a parcel of old pamphlets the other day, one which had evidently been fingered more than the rest, met my eye—the title ran thus—"*Hymen's Recruiting Sergeant, or the Matrimonial Tat-two, for old Bachelors.*" It occurred to me at once that I might find something in it suitable for your very interesting department. The work above alluded to is the production of rare and eccentric talent and made its appearance about thirty years ago, in the goodly city of "brotherly love," where it gave very general satisfaction, and no doubt was found highly beneficial in stirring up the wavering and the timid to deeds more honorable and useful to themselves and the state, than are to be found in the empty pageantry of show, or in that frivolity of character, which, too often leads the unsuspecting to disappointment and chagrin.

It is addressed by the author, *Rev. M. L. Weems*, "to all the singles, whether masculine or femenine, throughout the United States." But for the introductory part, which if acceptable, shall be followed by further extracts:—

"*It is not good for man to be alone.*"

No, verily, nor for the woman neither. But, what says the preacher? Why, "I will," says Paul, (and Paul, you know, was a sound divine,) "that the young women marry, and love their husbands, and raise up good children." 'Tis well said, most noble, patriotic Paul! May the children of Columbia hearken to thy counsel! that there be no more old bachelors in our land, like scrubby oaks standing selfishly alone, while our maidens, like tender vines lacking support, sink to the ground; but that, united in wedlock's *last embraces*, they may grow up together as the trees of the Lord, whose summits reach the skies, and their branches overspread the nations making their country the pride and glory of the earth.

"I will that the young people marry," says Paul.

Aye, that's the point, there let us fix our eyes;
There all the *honor*, all the *blessing* lies.

For, 1. If you are for *pleasure*—marry!
2. If you prize *rosy health*—marry.
3. And even if money be your *object*—marry.

Now let's to the point, and prove these precious truths. Draw near, ye bachelors of the willing ear, while, with the grey quill of experience, I write

THE PLEASURES OF THE MARRIED STATE.

Believe me, Citizen bachelor, never man yet received his full allowance, *heaped up and running over*, of this life's joys, until it was measured out to him by the generous hand of a loving wife.

A man with half an eye, may see that I am not talking here of those droll matches which, now and then, throw a whole neighborhood into a *wonderation* where scores of good people are called together to eat mince pies, and to hear a blooming nymph of fourteen promise to take—"*for better and for worse*"—an old icicle of fourscore. Or to see the *sturdy growing youth* lavishing amorous kisses on the shrivelled lips of his "great grand mother bride. Oh cursed lust of pelf! From such matches, good Lord deliver all true hearted republicans. For such matches have gone a great way to make those *sweetest notes, husband* and *wife*, to sound prodigiously *out-o'tunish*. The old husband, after all his honey-moon looks, grunts a jealous *bass*, while young Madam, wretched in spite of her coach and lutestrings, squeaks a scolding treble, making between them, a fine cat and dog concert of it for life!

But I am talking of a match of true love, between two persons who, having *virtue* to relish the transports of a tender friendship, and *good sense* to estimate their infinite value, wisely strive to fan the delightful flame by the same endearing attentions which they paid to each other during the sweet days of courtship. If there be a heaven on earth, we must (next to the love of God) seek it in such a marriage of innocence and love.

ON MATRIMONY.

Tom prais'd his friend, who chang'd his state,
For binding fast himself and Kate
In union so divine;
"Wedlock's the end of life," he cried,
"Too true, alas!" cried Jack, and sigh'd,—
"'Twill be the end of mine."

MARRIED,

In Springfield, Vt. Horatio H. Weld, Esq. to Miss Sophronia A. Wright.

A good mechanic will, I ween,
With skill two things unite;
Better than he was never seen,
For he has WELD-ed *Wright*.

Last Week's Omissions.

"THE MISSISSIPPI JOURNAL."—The first numbers of this sheet, edited by James K. Cook, Esq. of Natchez, are lying on our table, and we congratulate the publisher on its fine appearance. Indeed nothing affords us more pleasure, than to bear witness to the good taste and literary attainments of a contemporary. Seldom it is, that from so distant a section of the "far West," do we receive a sheet so varied and rich in its contents, as is the one before us. It is of the largest size, and will bear a comparison with any of those published in the Atlantic cities; while at the same time it teems with articles at once so useful and entertaining to all classes of the reading community, that we confidently predict for its publisher, the fulfilment of his most sanguine wishes.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.—Our woes will never end! This paper has again changed hands, being merged with the New York Traveller: and what's worse than all, Porter, its former editor wields the quill. We had some faint hope a week or two ago, that it was about mending its evil ways, but alas! for the uncertainty of human expectation! Henceforth no man can call his *thoughts* his own—literary piracy is again the order of the day—and *good says* are to become every man's property.—We must confess we like *Porter* well enough when he does not become *flat* or *sour*, but those who read his paper must perceive that there is a good deal of *froth* and very little *liquor*. The "spirit" is far from being an appropriate name, when its very substance comes from malt. Mend your evil habits friend—steal not, and we will pray that *Porter* may never *ail* so much as to be brought to his *bier*.

The above is from the Baltimore Visitor—or we should rather say—the above *flattering* notice of our paper is the offspring of that matchless pair of wits—the editors of the Visiter—Messrs. *Cloud & Pounder*. Poor souls! They talk of piracy, while e'en "our good name" they steal from us and rend it to tatters with "taunts and quirks." Indeed they ring all charges on our *significant* cognomen, without having the grace to hint that some times we are the real "London Brown Stout." But softly gents—we wish you well, but such licence with our good name merits a word in reply. This courteous pair do not require at our hand any confirmation of their refinement and good breeding. The article speaks for itself and reflects most inimitably both the liberality of its authors and the astuteness of their wit. More than once we have endeavoured so "to break a lance" with these discourteous knights, that the good taste of our readers might not be offended with disgusting personalities, but our efforts have been fruitless, save that we have partially cured them of the "kidnapping trade" of appropriating others thoughts and items to fill their own editorial columns.

And now instead of gratitude for such a favour they turn upon us with reproaches.—Verily we pity the readers of the *Visiter*, who are thus *indulged* with the scurillous outpourings of Editorial spleen, though we have not the slightest objection, to be made the target at which these *humorous gentlemen*, aim their paper bullets.—"An Indian can never forget his blanket,"—unfortunately it is equally true that low minds with narrow views never emerge from the thraldom of vulgarity, and the generous patronage of friends only confirms the original depravity by affording it the means of subsistence.

However we must expect such a *report* when the smoky *Cloud* indicates the spurious *Pounder*—an article, merely fit for "Christmas guns" where only smoke and noise is required;—As such we commend this brace of crudite wits for the coming holidays.—A "flash in the pan," is the true criterion of its genuineness, and having seen a sample we found the *Pounder* a coarse grained, smutty article, slow to ignite but emiting a *Cloud* of unseemly blackness and intolerable odor.

A GOOD 'UN.—The best trick we have heard lately played off on that *cutest* of all *cute* people, the Yankees, took place at Burlington, Vt. by a strolling juggler. An "attentive audience" was assembled, before whom he was to make an exhibition of his *professional* powers of ventriloquism, legerdemain, &c. "the whole to conclude," we presume, with "throwing a grand somersett down his own throat." One of his feats, says a contemporary, was the taking off the head of a spectator, who placed his neck upon a table prepared for the purpose. He borrowed a watch of a by-stander for a moment, and stepped behind his little green curtain, to make a short preliminary arrangement. Long the audience looked—patiently the unbeheaded awaited his fate, when shrewd suspicion arose. The curtain was drawn aside, and lo! the conjurer had disappeared! The meeting adjourned *sine die!*

THE CLEAR MEAT AXE!—Mr. Trotter, the editor of the Lexington, Ky. Gazette, has another duel on his hands which he seems willing to dispose of as usual, very summarily. From our knowledge of the belligerents, the affair is not likely to end in smoke, as our readers may imagine from the Mr. T's. ultimatum which appears in the Gazette of the 24th ult.:

If Mr. Thomas will bind himself to fight me at a fair distance, being somewhat short-sighted, he will hear from me forthwith. I will fight him from ONE FOOT TO TEN. "*Stand up to the trough,*" *if you dare.*

GEORGE J. TROTTER.

A TIME TO TRY MEN'S SOLES. We have had for a few days past positive proof of the necessity of the admonition, "Let him that standeth, take heed lest he fall." While upon the subject of slippery walks it may be well to suggest to those of our friends who are in the habit of treasuring ashes in band boxes, that a part of their hoard would be more safely, and fitly bestowed upon the icy pavements.—*Lowell Compend.*

BELLS.—A sleigh without *bells* is like a ball without *belles*; vapid, cheerless, insipid. We cannot imagine any pleasure in being slipped over the ground as silently as a mouse trips across the floor. There is no music in such a jaunt—and more than that, one who drives a sleigh without bells must keep eyes and voice on the stretch to keep foot passengers from passing under his horse's feet.—*Lowell Comp.*

Sports of the Turf.

RACES IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

We find in *Bell's Life in London*, the following paragraph from the Sidney Herald, which affords some idea of the progress of refinement at the head quarters of the English convict establishment in New South Wales:—"The much talked of Sidney Races commenced on Wednesday at Paramatta. The day was particularly fine, and with its early dawn all was lively, bustle, and anxious preparation. The race course was honored by a fashionable assemblage of the fair—seldom have been seen on any public occasion in this colony so brilliant a display. So imposing and so numerous were the equipages; so multitudinous the equestrians; the arrangements so excellent; that our imagination carried us on the Ascot Epsom. His Excellency entered the course on horseback, attended by his Aides-de-camp, at about one o'clock, and was received with every demonstration of respect: three hearty cheers announced his arrival. We observed his Excellency's carriage and four, containing the family of the Governor and part of the suite; indeed all the *haut ton* within 200 miles of Sydney were present; and we are happy to add that so excellent was the sport, and the horses so superior, that we predict our Australian Races will soon vie with those of the mother country." Then follows an account of two day's races, in which cups plates, sweepstakes, and handicaps were run for by celebrated horses.

SPORTSMEN OF THE TURF.

The author of the subjoined sketch which we find in the *London Spectator*, is not more accurate in his estimate of the different lights in which Racing is to be viewed than happy in the expression of his sentiments. We commend it to the attention of our friends generally, as worthy a perusal.

"The true sportsman and real lover of the race is anxious for the improvement of the animal, and for carrying his powers of all kinds to the utmost. The result is, to him, valuable only as decisive of the respective qualities of contending animals. He watches the race round the course; considers the indications of power in the animal, of skill in the rider; observes the variety of temper in the eager beast, that devours the ground as it were, and wastes its energies—compared with the steady, even progress, of the one who is waiting his time—or again, with the gay gallop, full of conscious power, of another, swinging away as if sure of the prize and yet careless of it. The race is won and lost a hundred times, to the knowing eye of the judge. He tries the competitors in various parts of the course—now in the heavy, now in the light ground—now up the hill, now into the hollow—now at the corner, and now at the wood-side he has had heaps of delight before the last grand moment of excitement, as they arrive near his stand, increasing in apparent size blazing with color and foam—when the hoofs begin to sound like approaching thunder, and the jackets and bridles, stirrups and spurs, flash and dazzle like lightning—when the riders make play, and the horse, well aware that his time is come, puts forth all his tremendous energy. This is the moment of concentrated power; horse and rider are one; the Centaur seems to fly; he spurns the ground—the lower animal is all fire, the upper one all dark revolve and determination. With eye on the goal, bridle playing and working, whip springing from hand, cap low on the brow, and silk sleeves whistling in the air, he seems projected by unseen gigantic force upon the winning post. Not alone, however: on each side, behind, and far beyond, are rivals, bringing up now all their store of stride; some are evidently beginning to flag, and some now, on the contrary make a sudden start, as if they had only that instant resolved to win, and pass the foremost just in time to carry the prize by the neck or perhaps a head, nay sometimes by a nostril only. The sportsman has not done even then. The game is up, it is true, and the crowd seems to consider all at end; they send up a shout of triumph, and disband, and separate and hurry in all directions, like ants in a storm, as if they had been bound in a close compacted mass by some magical bonds. But the judge of horses proceeds to examine the racers as they return jockeyless and saddleless, led by the groom and preceded by their rider and perhaps accompanied by their owner, to the weighing-house. Here he remarks their several states; and observe with delight the proud and stately march of some, the meek and easy gait of others—or perhaps has to regret the distressed condition of another, that has been too much pressed; a sign of inferiority he notes and compares with other points of the creature, detecting the cause in the shape or perhaps in a known inferiority of breed. All this is an innocent and not unenlightened source of amusement—far different from the moody recklessness or the brutal triumph of the gambler, with his book, who may be seen rushing here and there, hedging off or hedging on, as it may happen—black in face, in name and heart—animated not by the pure air, the lovely scenery, the brilliant company, the noble exertions of the horse, but the greedy thirst of lucre, the *auri sacra fames*—the bane and disgrace of man."

LIST OF SWEEPSTAKES,

Open to be run for over the Central Course, Baltimore, Md.

1 A sweepstakes for four years old, spring of 1833, to run spring meeting, 1833, four mile heats. Entrance $300, h. f.; open until first of January next; six subscribers. Subscribers, Wm. Wynne, b. c. Anvil, by Tonson, James J. Harrison, J. M. Botts, T. D. Johnston, John C. Stevens, Wm. R. Johnson.

2 A sweepstakes for three years old next spring, to run next fall meeting, two mile heats, $500, h. f. (notes with security to be given for the forfeit;) open until the 1st of January next; eight subscribers.—John M. Botts, Edward Parker, Henry A. Taylor, Wm. R. Johnson, Wm. Wynne, R. F. Stockton, Robert L. Stevens, James M. Selden.

3 A produce sweepstakes for colts and fillies, to be drop next spring, 1831, to run fall meeting, 1836 two mile heats. Entrance $300, h. f. (notes with security to be given for the forfeit;) fourteen subscribers now, and open until the first of January, 1833. Subscribers, Wm. Coleman, S. O. Jacobs, J. C. Craig, Wm. Wynne, Thos. B. Coleman, Wm. H. Minge, John C. Stevens, Ham. Wikes, Robert L. Stevens, Wm. R. Johnson, Henry A. Taylor, R. F. Stockton, C. S. W. Dorsey, Boling E. Graves.

4 A sweepstakes for the get of stallions, to be dropt spring of 1833, to close 1st of January, 1833, to run spring and fall, 1836, mile heats, in the spring $200, p. p., and two mile heats in the fall $300, p. p. Subscribers, J. M. Selden, enters the get of Sussex.

5 A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old spring of 1834, to run spring 1834, mile heats. Entrance $100, h. f., to close 1st January, 1833. Six subscribers, J. M. Selden, Thomas Snowden, jr., Richard C. Stockton, John M'P. Berrien, Davis and Selden, T. R. S. Boyce.

6 A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old spring of 1834, to run fall meeting 1834, two mile heats. Entrance $300, h. f., four or more to make a race, to close and name by the first of January, 1834. Subscribers, Ambrose Stevens the produce of Eclipse and Blackeyed Susan, Robert Gilmore, jr.

7 A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old spring of 1834, to run fourth day fall meeting, 1834, two mile heats. Entrance $500, h. f., four or more to make a race, to close and name by 1st January, 1834. Subscribers, F. B. Corbin (by S Ringgold,) S. W. Smith, John C. Craig, John Heth.

8 A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old spring of 1833, to run spring, 1833, mile heats. Entrance $300, h. f., three or more to make a race, to close 1st March, 1833.

9 A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old spring of 1833, to be run fall meeting, 1833, two mile heats. Entrance $300, h. f., four or more to make a race, to close and name 1st January, 1833. Subscribers, Craig and Corbin enter a Medley filly out of Havock's dam.

10 A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, dropt spring of 1832, to run fall meeting, 1835, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f., four or more to make a race, to close and name by 1st January, 1833. Subscribers, Thos. H. Burwell, F. P. Corbin & Charles filly out of Star's dam, Stockton Charlotte, Pace.

11 A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, to be dropt spring of 1833, to run spring, 1836, mile heats. Entrance $300, h. f., four or more to make a race, to close and name by 1st January, 1833.

The Hunter.

The following lines, says the Connecticut Mirror, are full of spirit. The hunters rousing to the chase, the sense of plaintive indolence which would keep them back, the magic morning, and the inspiring emotions which it inspire, are all beautifully depicted.

THE HUNTER'S MORNING SONG.

Away, away, to the mountain's blue,
Where the waving trees the bright clouds woo,
We will fly on the wings of the viewless wind,
And leave the dull, cold earth behind;
We will wander as wild, as gay and free,
As a rushing wave on a stormy sea.

Aha, Aha, that wailing cry,
They would charm us back with Love's lullaby,
For little they know the hunter's horn,
Will thrill through the heart in the merry morn;
Let them shake their dull limbs, and palsied head,
We will leave them to their sluggard's bed.

Away, away, how the sunbeams glance,
From the burnished steel, and the glittering lance
How the morning mist are fading away.
From the burning beams of the God of Day;
They linger yet, o'er the mountains curled,
As if grieving to quit so fair a world.

Away, away, there is joy on earth,
And the rosy morning laughs for mirth;
There is joy in the breath of the balmy air,
As if Heaven had showered its odors there—
There is joy on the breast of the dancing wave,
And on the green banks that its waters lave.

No thought of the future shall darken the brow,
That is beaming with hope, and happiness now,
For we leave all grief, and worldly cares,
To the gloomy mantle that dotage wears,
We will drink the light of the new born day,
Till its spirit fills us, away, away. J. L. R.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

At the inclosure, Battersea, the Maiden Silver Quart Tankard and Cover was shot for by twenty gentlemen, at nine pigeons each, twenty-one yards distance, the charge limited to two ounces of shot. At the beginning, the odds were six to four the field against Mr. Arrowsmith.—At the sixth round, Messrs. Watson, Swayne, and Johnson, scored all their birds, and Mr. Arrowsmith five. The odds were then five to one against the latter gentleman, and the takers were the losers—Mr. Watson, the winner, having killed all his birds, Messrs. Johnson and Allstead eight, and Messrs. Swain and Arrowsmith seven. A sweepstakes of one sovereign each, eight subscribers, the same distance, five birds each, followed. Messrs. Taylor and F. B. tried, each killing all their birds. Several other matches were then shot, after which, above forty sat down to dinner.—*Bell's Life in London.*

ENGLISH HUNTING.

The East Sussex foxhounds lately met at Newmarket Hill, near the Brighton race course, with a numerous and gallant field, amounting to *about three hundred*. There were also some ladies in carriages to witness the spectacle, which was a fine one. After drawing the plantations and gorse unsuccessfully, at last found at Portobello. They had a smart run, which lasted upwards of an hour, and finally killed at Stanmer.

Mr. Mure's hounds recently met at Stretchworth Park. The morning, in consequence of the fog and frost, was unfavorable, and made the hour late before the hounds could try for a fox. Notwithstanding, however, the unfavorable state of the weather, the field was numerous, and honored by the attendance of *several ladies*, who evinced such resolution in riding as to show, during the short run that took place, that their progress was not a moment to be checked by the *five-barred gate or wide ditch* which encircle the enclosures of that part of the country.

A short time since the hounds belonging to J. Bradden, Esq. with a pack from Poundstock, *run a hare for two hours*, in the neighborhood of Launceston, and having killed it, a leveret was taken from it alive, which *is* now in the possession of Mr. M. Frost, of Launceston, and is likely to live. The hare, when taken, had a wire round her neck, and had lost her tail, supposed to have been bitten off by a greyhound.—*Ib.*

From the American Sporting Magazine.

SHOOTING WILD TURKEYS.

SHANNONSVILLE, Tenn. Oct. 20, 1832.

Mr. Editor: I perceive in the last number of the Register, you invite all sportsmen to come forward and contribute. In your section of the country, where canvass-backs, teal, rail, snipe, reed and black birds, are all the *flash*, peradventure by way of a variety, your northern readers would like to hear of deer, wild turkey, goose, duck, wild cat, and occasionally a panther hunt. As many of these transactions take place under my individual observation, I shall with pleasure give you information of any that would be worthy of notice. And then, Mr. Editor, as *you* like it. The wild turkey differs from the tame in color of plumage, being much darker, seldom or ever having any white feathers. Some of these birds weigh from fifteen to twenty pounds, and strut with vast importance; they are the only real exquisites we have.

The Tennessee river abounds with islands, covered with cane; these are the principal haunts of the turkeys, fifty in a gang is quite common. The usual method of hunting is on horseback with two or three well trained dogs; the grand object is for the dogs to rush in and confuse them, at which they separate and "take tree," whereof, a well trained dog will give notice. A rifle is much preferable, as it is sure, in good hands; when the flock is separated, they become so much confused, that you may often shoot four or five before they take wing. I have given you a rough sketch of dogs in the act of treeing from a cane brake, I only give it for an idea, perhaps some of your limners can sketch from it. E. M. W.

PHEASANT AND GAME COCK.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Nov. 1832.

Mr. Editor: It has been denied of late, by some French naturalists, that it is a cross of the pheasant and barn door fowl which produces the game cock, and some others declare they will not cross at all. Now it is a fact, that the *game* cock gets his name from this very cross with a *game* bird; and as a proof that the spirit of combativeness pervades the whole pheasant family, I will relate a circumstance which occurred here but a few days since. Luke, the coachman of Mr. Thomas Munroe, had at his stable a chicken cock, which, by dint of hard knocks, had for a long time kept his walk clear of intruders. Luke heard his fowl fighting, while he was cleaning his horses, and from the time it lasted and the rapidity of the flutters, Luke supposed his cock had a hard match of it. An unusual scream or noise attracted him to the stable door, when to his surprise he found him engaged with a native wood pheasant, and both birds much exhausted. Luke succeeded in taking the pheasant without difficulty, but the moment he did so, this warrior of the woods made fight with him, pecking his hand like the most vicious game cock. After night the bird was brought into Mr. Munroe's parlor, to exhibit to friends, where he showed the same fighting spirit he did at first, pecking and making fight with every one who approached him. He makes a low noise at times, a blowing note and rather sad.

A friend informs me, that another pheasant was taken near the glass-house, on the same day and in the same manner. These two birds belonged, no doubt, to a pack of pheasants, which by some accident got into the city and Georgetown last week, and were chased and separated by the boys.

Luke has his bird in a coop, and from present appearances he will be able to keep him alive. G. *Ib.*

Miscellany.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRAVELLER AND TIMES.

INCONSTANCY.

The fickle rays
Of April days
An early rose-bud nourish'd;
Soon chill'd by frost,
It's leaves are lost,
And faded ere it flourish'd.

In vain the noon
Of sultry June,
Each kindred bud uncloses;
For it in vain
Fall dews and rain,
Refreshing other roses.

It's wither'd bough
Can never now,
By beauty's hand be gather'd;
It's tints are flown,
It's perfume gone,
And every tendril wither'd.

Oh! had the rays
Of April days
It's beauties never nourish'd
Through summer's heat,
With blossoms sweet,
It gaily might have flourish'd.

How like the rose,
Alas! are those
Who nourish thoughts that grieve them,
Who pledge their truth
In early youth,
To lovers who deceive them.

How like the blights
Of April nights
Is he who truth professing;
Inconstant proves
To one who loves,
A faithful heart, distressing.

How like the days
When brightest rays
Conceal the storms that gather;
Are smiling eyes,
Where falsehood lies,
Loves fondest hopes to wither.

The wounded heart,
It's keenest smart
In solitude may smother;
It may regret
The wrongs it met,
But cannot love another.

Written for the Traveller and Times.

FOUL PLAY;
OR, TIT FOR TAT.

Monsieur Dennis St. Cloud keeps a public house, in the town of Louviers, in France, and Monsieur Bernard Boudell, a cobbler's stall, in ditto, ditto. Boniface is one of those penurious pickpenny hosts, who have the mark of the beast "no trust" written on their foreheads, and Crispin one of those unprofitable shoemakers, who waste more time in administering to their own bodies, than in taking care of their neighbor's *soles*. Dennis, however, in spite of his vinegar disposition, keeps the best wine in the province; and on this *score* alone, Barney patronises him, for mine host takes good care he shall have his commodities of no other. A few weeks since, as the cobbler was rather down in the mouth, pulling a very slack cord at the extremity of a veteran dancing pump, he thus soliloquized:—"Not a horn to be had, and six shillings due on the ledger. In the first place, there's eighteen-pence to Mat Lanard, but Mat's dead.—In the second, there's three shillings to Jean Lamott, but Jean's gone to America!—and in the third and last, there's eighteen-pence for these superannuated time-beater's in my hand, but that wont be due till to-morrow. Cobbling's a bad trade, that's a fact; particularly when a body has such a list of bad debts. I'd hang the scurvy fellow that made such a lying motto as—'nothing like leather.' I say nothing like money—money buys leather, but the devil would'nt buy money these times. Any man may die of thirst, now-a-days, and there's no law to prevent him—here's the proof:—My lips are as dry as the bricks of an oven, and old St. Cloud would as lieve see his own ghost as a customer without the rhino. However, necessity has no law; to suffer one's self to be choked to death, would be to commit suicide; which, to say the least of it, would imply that a body was possessed of the blue devils, and my maxim is—"Satan, I defy thee," so whatever it may come to, here goes."

Thus saying, Crispin went his way, and in very brief space, was ensconced in the tap of mine host—and a roast capon, and a bottle of Burgundy ensconced in his stomach. "Now for the generalship," he mentally exclaimed;—"there's no retreating, as the back door's lock'd. I wish that either me or old brandy-nose was in Jamaica: or that his namesake, our patron saint, would give him some christianlike idea of the matter. I'll speak him fair, anyway; though I fear a counterfeit franc would have more effect on him than the eloquence of Talma,"—*then aloud, and while staggering streetward,* "I wish you a very good day, Monsieur St. Cloud, as I'm coming this way in the evening, I'll drop in and pay the reckoning."

"Would you catch an old weazel asleep," says Dennis. "You know the old adage:—'one bird in the hand is worth two in the bush'—you must pay me now."

"I have no money," says the cobbler, "and you can't draw Burgundy from an empty cask."

"I thought as much before you dined," says mine host, but I knew your leather breeches was value for the damages."

"My leather breeches?"

"Aye, sir, if you don't disburse I'll make a Scotchman of you.—I'll turn you into a sans-culotte, and hang your breeches on the sign-board.—Come, sir, pay or strip."

Crispin remonstrated, but Boniface was inexorable; and being a strong man, he fleeced the poor cobbler, as expertly as a cook-maid would an eel, and then exposed the *naked* truth to the public by turning him out of the house, exclaiming, with stentorian voice—"When you pay the reckoning you may have your buckskins, and not till then."

"Needs must when the devil drives;" the cobbler was obliged to submit, but then submission don't always imply defeat, which shall be proved in the sequel. St. Cloud was a great connoisseur in ducks and hens, and kept a large well stocked poultry yard, in the vicinity of Boudell's cottage. "Tit for tat," says the cobbler, on his return, "not that I mean to invite them, but if his damn'd fowls eat any of my provisions, they shall either pay for it or leave a deposit." With this he began to strew some oats on the floor and call "chuck, chuck," to a little brood of his own, but sufficiently loud to attract the attention of his neighbor's, who, thinking they were included in the summons, without further ceremony, swarmed in to the cottage, feasted heartily, and were now about to depart, when Crispin closed the door and demanded payment.

"What, no money?—nothing but 'cackle, cackle, and quack, quack.'—It wont do—my promises had no effect with your master, and a christian's word is as good as a hen's, any day—what, ye'd fly out of the window, would ye? that's no go.—"One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," says old Pickpenny, and I'll prove it with a vengeance. Come, come, disburse or strip. I'll make sans culottes, and Scotchmen of ye, if it was only for company sake, and after all I fear your whole stock in trade will scarcely pay me for my breeches. The poor birds *not* having any money, were obliged to pay in kind; and Crispin stripped them, one by one, as naked as his humanity would permit him, and then let them loose. The astonished poultry, of course, soon ran home with the news, and our hero of the tap, indignant at the cabbaging of his favorite's wardrobes, soon came tramping to the cobbler's door, bellowing for satisfaction. "Pooh, pooh," says Barney, laughing, "what a fuss you make about nothing; you know it's all in the way of trade, and whenever your damn'd hungry poultry pay me for their dinners, and the trouble I had in stripping them, they shall have their clothes back again, and not till then; and if the business is not soon settled I'll make a pair of breeches of them to indemnify me for my buckskins."

The whole matter was put in the hands of the lawyers, who, after hearing Barney Boudell's statement of the facts, had liked to have laughed themselves to death, before they came to the decision, which amounted to this:—"That in the first place, the cobbler was wrong in feasting his belly at the expense of the landlord's pocket, and then again the landlord was wrong in stripping the cobbler's legs, at the expense of his modesty; and in the second place, that if the cobbler was unjustifiable in his attack on the poultry's upper garments, the landlord was equally so, in taking a pledge, being no pawnbroker,—and so, as matters stood, the only way to get order out of disorder, and fair play out of *foul* play, was to make an exchange of the deposits and to 'go and sin no more.'"

A YANKEE OUTWITTED.

At a certain country tavern in Virginia, an uncommonly strong muscular fellow from 'Down East,' was boasting to some half dozen or more listeners of his powerful strength, such as his taking a barrel of whiskey by the chine, and drinking out of the bung, getting under the shoulders of a horse, and raising him off the ground, taken a musket by the point of the bayonet, and holding it at arm's length. At the mention of the last feat, one of the listeners expressed his doubt; the Yankee insisted on the truth of his assertion, and offered to bet $20 that if a musket were produced, he could do it. "I hav'nt got $20 or a musket convenient," says the fellow, "but I'll bet you $5 and a treat to the company, that you can't put your finger in the muzzle of this here gun, and hold it at arm's length."

"Done," says the Yankee, and the money was staked, and the juleps called for.

The Yankee stepped into the middle of the floor, took the gun in his left hand, projected the forefinger of his right towards the muzzle, when lo! it proved to be a bore rifle, carrying 140 balls to the pound, and into which it would be impossible to get any body of half the size of one's finger.—A burst of laughter denoted the discomfiture of the Yankee, the money was pocketed, and the juleps drank to the success of the choice of the people.—*Ball. Sat. Visiter.*

A captain of a vessel loading coals, went into his merchant's counting-house,

TRAVELLER & TIMES.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

New-York:
SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 22, 1832.

SLEIGHING.

We have almost given over our hopes for a delightful sleigh-ride this winter. Not a sign of snow has yet made its appearance, and very few of its usual accompaniments. No Fancy Balls, no Masquerades, no champaigne and oyster suppers, and in fact, though the "Lady Patronesses" are all elected, the merits of the candidates canvassed and settled, every thing is at a "stand still" till Winter, enveloped in his snowy garb shall pay a visit to the city of Gotham.

In many sections of our own State, and almost throughout New England, the sleighing is excellent—parties all the go—business brisk as you please—every body getting married—bells jingling in all directions—fun, frolic, flash and fashion, seem the order of the day—and here are we in this goodly city, without one flake of snow to bless ourselves, withal. We'll emigrate—there's no standing it—our ears not frozen yet, and here it is December the 22d. What's to be done? Clark & Brown's "venison" was never better—Niblo's "canvass-backs" are ready, and even the great Delmonico is in despair. Boardman, Jennings, Webb, and the rest are praying for snow, as did Elijah of old for rain, and yet it comes not.

O Winter! you are a most miserable dog, not to appear in earnest. We don't want rain, but snow, though you seem to have made a mistake in the matter, for it has rained and poured, and poured and rained, and still you come not, till we feel as blue about the gills as if 'twas January. Mr. Winter, had we a string about thy precious neck, the citizens of Gotham should see thee *at their feet*, this blessed day, for the brides are waiting—the parties—balls—the rides, and New Year's cannot go on without ye. The venison will be spoiled—the canvass-backs ruined—our landlord's seized with hydrophobia, and we, even ourselves, shall be seized with "premonitory symptoms," if soon you do not appear and make glad the hearts that without thee cannot enjoy a "Life in New York."

A PEEP IN THE DARK,
OR, THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

Making light of a man's name, and throwing light on a man's name, are two of the most opposite things in the world; the one is the denouncement, the other is the announcement, of his reputation. It were well we could prove this to the regulators of the New York Post-Office. What, in the name of mystery, do they mean, by nailing a catalogue of cognomens against a pillar, in the middle of a thoroughfare, where no one, with muscles a whit less impotent than Hercules', can have any chance of making his ground good for five seconds together? And then, if one's object be attained, and if he can manage, by grasping and straining, to keep a few moments' possession of the board of titles, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that, unless the name required can manifest itself by touch to the tips of his digits, his labors have been in vain; for as to seeing it, save he has a night-glass convenient, it would be as easy a task to find the celebrated needle in the bundle of hay, or to bring his vision to bear upon the coming Comet. We would recommend any poor fellow, who has no great genius for *heavy* work, to take a sperm touch, or a portable gas lamp, or even a bundle of Indian fire flies, into this gloomy repository of hard titles, and charge each person who was ambitious of seeing his name in print, a penny a peep, and trust us he would turn his *light* labour to some account.

Every age has something to boast of in the line of extravaganzas. The English build churches where there are no congregations. The French built a ship where there was no water, no doubt having a second flood and Noah's ark in their eyes, and the managers of the New York Post-Office have hung up a column of names, for the accomodation of the public, in a place where no man, nor indeed any thing else but a cat, can have any chance of seeing it. This last comicality is the greatest blunder of the three: for as the English are a very productive people, they may soon furnish congregations for the spare churches, and the French, who can even now hardly keep their heads above water, may find it convenient hereafter to have a ship upon dry land; but we know of nothing that can sanction the proprietors of the Post-Office for such a slur upon the public, as flinging into shade the names of so many honorable men.

MATRIMONIAL MOVEMENT.

"There's many a slip
'Twix't the cup and the lip,"

Is an old adage, that has been lately verified in Andover, Massachusetts, with a vengeance. A Senator—The Honourable ——. who, by the way, appears to be very irregular in his *motions*, and a Miss —— were a few days since to have become consolidated according to law. By prior arrangement the bridegroom had every etcetera connected with a wedding from the satin garters, to the cradle see-saw, and the teething bone—puff,—pasties—and plumb cake included, conveyed to his own house, probably in order to secure the contract, or to indemnify himself for a certain ratio of gloves, ribbons, and lip concussions, for the which the lady was in his arrear, (as being expended in a close bombardment on her charms, during the last three years,) lest her matrimonial intentions should undergo any revolution, and that she'd be for preferring any other *young* man who was yet unqualified for the honors of a senatorship.

Time arrived—Every thing about gave dreadful note of preparation—The gentleman had arrayed himself in his best bib and tucker, and proceeded to settle matters at the lady's house, where every thing was on the very eve of felicity. The bride smiled and blushed—the bridegroom smirked and bowed, and was just tendering his hand, to convey his emotions by touch, when all of a sudden he became either possessed of a devil, or the spirit of a pet mule, for without either rhyme or reason, save indeed it came to him in the shape of some ghostly invisibility: he turned tail—declared he had no more idea of being married than of supping in the moon, and then in the most unceremonious manner in the world, took up his hat and bolted.

Who shall describe the sensations of the lady, or the astonishment and indignation of her friends?—we would but cannot. This much, however, we can say, that the business is still unsettled, as the lady continues to write herself Miss ——, and the gentleman as yet keeps himself closely mewed up in his house, doubtlessly paying his addresses to the puffs, pasties, and plumb cakes.

TALAHASSEE, FLORIDA.—We have a peculiar regard for this name, and for the place. We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of our Correspondent's letter and its handsome inclosure for new subscriptions. Such testimonials are truly gratifying, and as they are so truly *substantial* we trust our readers will excuse the apparent egotism which leads to their announcement.

PARKER'S PUBLICS are likely to become the rage. We little thought that "old Tammany" would ever present such an assemblage as we witnessed last week. Politics and its uproaris us accompaniments seemed banished. Taste and mirth prevailed. The arrangement of the Saloon has been most happily made and in itself presents an incentive to visitation. The refreshments there offered are of the best quality and moderately furnished. Go and see.

ELOPEMENT.

"Show me some way to 'scape these nuptials! Do it!
Or to thy charge, I'll lay a broken heart!
It may be, broken vows and blasted honor!
Or else a mind distraught!"

JULIA, IN THE HUNCHBACK.

The report of a most unaccountable marriage and elopement, which has been alluded to by some of our contemporaries, has just reached us, but on account of the respectability of the "high contracting parties," we forbear giving prolix details. We tell the "wondrous tale" as 'twas told to us, and shall "nothing extenuate or set down aught in malice," in the hope that it will meet the attention of those prudent fathers and scheming mothers, who for wealth or "some high honor," seek to bind the wishes and feelings of their children to their own selfish purposes.

The facts as related by a friend at our elbow, and who seems entirely *au fait* to the whole matter, are in substance nearly as follows, the names, of course, being purely fictitious.

A young lady, Miss P. of Vermont, possessed of all the advantages of wealth; of "wit, sense, taste,—a mind to boot where nought but what is costly flourishes," is *engaged* to a gentleman in Boston, of moderate wealth, clever talents, and in the eyes of the lady's friends, "a marvellous proper man." Clifford, for thus we designate him, is at this time engaged in mercantile pursuits, and was betrothed with the consent of all parties who looked upon him as one whose success in life was beyond a doubt.

But "the course of true love never did run smooth," as was the case in this instance. A year had rolled on, the wedding-day appointed, although distant, when another suitor, possessed of more bank stock, than the cupidity of the lady's scheming friends could withstand, offers himself, and by those friends is accepted. Without reference to the sentiments of Miss P——, her first engagement is broken off, and a second day appointed for her nuptials. Lackwit at this was too much pleased to remember the adage,

"There's many a slip, 'twixt the cup and the lip,"

as will be found in the sequel. He did not even expect, it is said, her own consent, being fully sensible of her repugnance towards him, but *she had money*, and that to him was an equivalent.

Clifford, meanwhile was not idle, for being informed secretly by Miss P——, of her unalterable feelings, like a "good knight and true" he assured her, that

"The ring that goes her wedding finger on,
No hand but his should place there."

He appoints a time, and place of meeting, previous to the one on which she is bound by her friends to give her hand to Lackwit, when their intention is to elope, and thus escape the toils spread for their disunion. It was mutually agreed that each should appear unconcerned, and for the lady to favor, apparently, the plot of her friends. But this change was too sudden to be overlooked, and she was constantly surrounded by watchful eyes to discover the source of her unwonted cheerfulness. Lackwit, too, fearful of a scheme to deprive him of his bride, wished to anticipate the day appointed for his nuptials, and at length succeeded.

At this juncture, Miss P—— was so closely confined that it was impossible for her to communicate to Clifford notice of the anticipation of her wedding, and she could only throw herself on the good feelings of her *friends*, if friends they might be called,—for those with whom only she was allowed to come in contact, were cajoled into the belief that her happiness was alone consulted.

Her situation forcibly reminds us of Julia's in the Hunchback, where she says to her parent,—

"Listen to me and heed me! If this contract
Thou hold'st me to—abide thou the result!
Answer to heaven for what I suffer!—act!
Prepare thyself for such calamity
To fall on me, as no past mishap,
However rare and marvellously sad
Can parallel! Lay thy account to live
A smileless life, die an unpitied death—
Abhorr'd, abandoned of thy kind,—as one
Who had the guarding of a young maid's peace,—
Look'd on and saw her rashly peril it;
And when she saw her danger and confess'd
Her fault, compell'd her to complete her ruin!"
* * * * * *
"Be warn'd! Beware how you abandon me
To myself! I'm young, rash, inexperienced! tempted
By most insufferable misery!
Bold, desperate, and reckless! Thou hast age,
Experience, wisdom, and collectedness,—
Power, freedom,—every thing that I have not,
Yet want, as none e'er wanted! Thou can'st save me,
Thou ought'st! thou must! *I tell thee at his feet
I'll fall a corse—ere mount his bridal bed!*"
* * * * * * * *
"The hour of sacrifice
Is near! Devise some speedy means
To cheat the altar of its victim. Do it!
Nor leave the task to me!"

But prayers and tears were alike unavailing, and she was forced before the altar—the nuptial ceremony was performed—and though lost and inanimate to all about her, her troth was plighted to one whom she must ever regard with abhorrence and disgust.

As fortune would have it, Clifford, who had grown distrustful of Lackwit's machinations, opportunely arrives, but not in time to save her from the "hated nuptials." He learns that the *ceremony* merely has taken place, and being a "knowing one," is fully aware, that as this has not been *consummated*, "in the eye of the law" the marriage is "null and void, to all intents and purposes;" and if he can, by any stratagem, steal her from Lackwit and marry her himself, her fortune still reverts to herself, and her quondam lover may, if he chooses, "still be a wooer."

"Necessity is the mother of invention," and Clifford was not long in making Miss P—— acquainted with his scheme. He had taken precaution to station relays of horses at frequent intervals, and all things being prepared for an instant flight, she is soon in his arms and they wend their way to the city, at a pace not to be overtaken.

The fair bride was soon missed, enquiry made, and pursuit instituted, but to no purpose. The fugitives had too much at stake, and Clifford drove as though entirely willing the "De'il might take the hindmost." They reached Boston in a few hours, and a second time was the ceremony performed.

The runaways we understand, do not hesitate to make merry over the stories of their "hair breadth 'scapes by flood and *Field*," and poor Lackwit has become the laughing-stock of the whole country. At our last accounts he was said to resemble "for all the world, a ghost picking his teeth on a tombstone!"

BEDLAM.

A most delightful confusion is created at night, by the simultaneous striking of the several town clocks. Instead of taking time, and one politely waiting for the other—like a set of old gossips at a hot water convention, they all begin to tell their stories and make a noise at once. It was not so in former days of simplicity, when each clock was listened to by the others, patiently, sometimes for a quarter of an hour, before they began their tales of time, and they were scarcely through their several stories, before the first began again. But now it is all hurly burly for a moment, a perfect bedlam for a while, and then all is still. And when a man lies in his bed and listens for the hour, a dozen brazen tongues tell it all at once, and render it impossible to know what the time is. It is important that this should be investigated, and it is hoped that the Corporation will look into the matter, and either make these idle talkers hold their peace, or talk one at a time as polite enlightened beings ought, and prevent Babel from coming again.

ALL FOR LOVE.

We have not heard of a duel at Hoboken since Clem and Sambo fought a round with blank cartridges, on account of a fair Dinah, about a year since. We understand preparations were being made in Philadelphia, a few days since, for a meeting at this celebrated and ill-fated spot, by a young professional gentleman and his *friend*, who is not yet discovered. He was brought up before the Recorder of that city, and held to bail in the sum of $5000!

WHISTLING EXTRAORDINARY.

An English paper states that a musical amateur in France has challenged all the whistlers of Europe to produce as much noise with one instrument as he can make with his mouth. It is lucky for him that he excluded New York in his challenge. We've fellows here that will whistle two hours at a mark, without winking!

AFTERPIECE EXTRAORDINARY.

The Boston Transcript states that the late Message of the President was read at the Front street Theatre in Baltimore, as an Afterpiece! If it met with the reception it merits, we should append to this quotation, "and was received with immense applause."

THE SLENDER CASE,

Lately tried at Easton, Pa. has resulted in the conviction of Lohman, who has been mulcted in the sum of *four thousand dollars*. The plaintiff, Miss Sarah Keller, is represented to be an interesting young lady, just out of her *teens*, and was most grossly slandered by Lohman, who attempted to prove facts on the trial that would induce suspicion in the minds of the jury, in which, however, he entirely failed.

The verdict is the largest ever given in that section of the country, and as the defendant is said to be in merely moderate circumstances, the presumption is, this case will prove a wholesome lesson to all using the "gift of tongues," to the detriment of the feebler sex.

DEFINITE.

The Lowell Compend says the snow is about four inches deep in spots, on an average, in that town.

COMPLIMENTARY.

An artist, in Philadelphia has just published a likeness of Miss Fanny Kemble, which the Daily Chronicle thus compliments:—"The likeness of the *hat* is excellent. The artist should stick to his *hat*."

HICKORY NUTS

Are said to be so plenty in Ohio this year that many families have gathered upwards of a hundred bushels each. According to the editor of the Aths, on whose responsibility we give the following tough story, an old hunter says, that passing through the low lands, a few days since, he saw several large droves of "real porkers," so fattened with hickory nuts, that unable to rise, they lay chop-fallen, waiting for the nuts to drop into their mouths!

A SECOND TOM JONES

Was found in a barn in Bethlehem, N. J. a few nights since, having been left in a state of nudity by some unfeeling wretch, though apparently but a few days old. Tar and feathers are too good for the brutish parents who could thus abandon their offspring.

A BULL, BUT NO JOKE.

A Pat, who was lately reprieved, as he stated, the night before his execution, and who wished to get rid of his wife, wrote to her as follows:—"*I was yesterterday hanged, and* DIED *like a hero; do as I did, and bear it like a* MAN! [A good item, but we stole it.]

SPLIT HEN'S EARS.

We found the subjoined anecdote of a Dutchman in one of our exchange papers, without credit. As to the "hen's ears," we confess the idea of their being "slit" never occurred to us before, and it may be new to our readers,—though we have heard of things being *found missing!*

"Mein Got!" said a Dutchman, "you may say vat you please bout bad neighbors, I half de worst neighbors as never vas. Dere is Hans Van Wagener, der tuy vel: mine pigs and mine hens come home from dere up, mit dere ears slit—and toder day, mein Got! two of them come home missing!"

CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.

The Portsmouth Journal tells a beautiful and characteristic anecdote of the "last of the Signers," which at this moment is peculiarly interesting. "The name of Carroll is the only one on the Declaration of Independence to which the *residence* of the Signer is appended. The reason why it was done in this case, we have understood to be as follows:—The patriots who signed that document, did it almost literally with ropes about their necks, it being generally supposed that they would if unsuccessful, be hung as rebels. When Carroll had signed his name, one at his elbow remarked, "You'll get clear—there are several of that name—they will not know which to take." "Not so," replied he and immediately added "of Carrollton."

LATEST FROM CALVIN EDSON.

A gentleman remarking as he came from the hall where Calvin, of "tape-worm" memory, was being exhibited, that he was about as *great* a curiosity as he ever met with,—a friend at his elbow replied, that he thought him a very *slim* concern!

"SPECIFIC APPROPRIATIONS."

It seems to have become a general custom at balls, parties, or other assemblages in this city, for each one, at his departure, to select a hat or umbrella, without reference to his own. Every body selects the best he can lay his fingers on, and

"He who lingers 'till the morning's dawn,
Will find an *old* hat for a *new*, in pawn."

In Troy, however, our readers will perceive these things are better managed. We refer to the subjoined advertisement in the Sentinel of that city:—

The gentlemen affected by the very irregular and indiscriminate appropriation of *hats*, &c. which took place last evening, are requested to assemble, in a melancholy mood, *this evening*, at half past 6 o'clock, at the Troy House, to concert measures for their mutual relief.

Thursday morning, Dec. 16.

"SHINNEY."—We understand from the Daily Advertiser that the boys in Philadelphia have found out a game which bears this curious cognomen, and which they follow with such incorrigible zeal, in the streets, that the newspapers even are out upon them. How the play is performed, or what qualifications are necessary for those engaging in the sport, "deponent saith not." Its title is thought to smack a little of *pugnacity*, and the Advertiser thinks, therefore, it would be a very desirable improvement in the sports of *our* city, among those who have a *penchant* to "kick up a dust." Perhaps some of the fraternity in the city of "brotherly love," will enlighten us as to the "mode of procedure in such cases made and provided," for the edification of the young fry of Gotham.

"HAIL, WEDDED LOVE."

She who weds and runs away,
May live to wed another day;
But she who's in the wedding slain,
Will never live to wed again.

The following marriages were announced simultaneously, in the Boston and Windsor papers:

"*Married*,—In Putney, on the 15th of Oct. last, by Hon. Asa W. Keyes, Mr. Roswell M. Field, of Fayetteville, to Miss Mary Almira Phelps, of Windsor."

"Married.—In Boston, Mr. J. H. Clark, merchant, to Miss Mary Almira Phelps."

Now it appears that Mr. Field's wife is Mr Clark's wife, and Mr. Clark's wife the lawful spouse of Mr. Field, or, in other words, that Miss Mary Almira Phelps is the loving wife of two husbands!! Rumor, as usual, is busy with conjectures."—*Vermont Patriot.*

Travelling Varieties.

AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

Mr. Wilson, of London, has published a "Ramble of six thousand miles through the United States of America, by S. A. Ferrell, Esq." Notwithstanding the number and variety of books which have lately been published by Englishmen on America, the present volume, we are persuaded, will be read with interest, judging from the extracts we have seen. There is nothing formal or very ill-natured in them; the author, aware of what has been done before him, judiciously confines himself to such matters as always admits of new remark, and receive a coloring from the the temper of the remarker. He does not appear to be a blind admirer of every thing he sees or meets with, a'll less is he a detractor; he sees defects, but never goes out of his way to discover them. We shall from time to time furnish our readers with a variety of extracts suited to the character of our paper, and which will at the same time show the author's manner. In the following there is something to annoy exclusives, but a citizen of the world may look on the picture with pleasure:

DINING ABOARD A STEAMBOAT—EQUALITY.

Here you may see tradesmen, 'nigger traders,' farmers, 'congress men,' captains, generals, and judges, all seated at the same table, in true republican simplicity. There is no appearance of awkwardness in the behavior of the humblest person you see seated at these tables; and indeed their general good conduct is remarkable—I mean when contrasted with that of the same class in England. The truth is, the tradesman here finds himself of some importance in the scale of society, and endeavors to show that he is fully qualified to be seated at the same table, *en passant*, with the most wealthy citizen. No doubt the higher classes have some of that high polish rubbed off by these occasional contacts while their less civilized fellow citizens, gain what they lose. All dress well, and are *American* gentlemen.

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

We have before alluded to the "People's Line" between this city and Philadelphia, and we cheerfully make room for the following extract of a letter from a merchant in this city to a friend in Boston, which our friend and fellow laborer of the American Traveller says will show in what estimation the distinguished land admiral and his experiment are held in the Commercial Emporium:—"No man, within our knowledge has done more to add to the ease and comfort of the travelling community than Col. James Reeside; and no one, in my opinion, is more justly entitled to the public patronage. I have been induced to say this much in consequence of having travelled, between Philadelphia and New York, in a new line, established by the above named gentleman and his associates, called the "People's Line." I found the coaches and horses of the first order, and the drivers were particularly noticed for their civility and attention to the passengers. The object of putting on this new line is, I understand, to compete with an *aristocratic monopoly*, recently created!"

STEAMBOAT PROVIDENCE.

The Providence left this city on Tuesday of last week, and arrived in Providence the next evening; the passage was exceedingly boisterous and stormy. This was her first passage. She has accomplished several successful trips since. She is principally owned in Providence. She is a fine model, built under the immediate inspection of her experienced commander, Capt. Seth Thayer. Her engine is of great power, and her speed will equal if not surpass any boat on the sound. The Providence Patriot says "Capt. Thayer is a gentleman well known for his nautical skill and his courteous deportment—and at the wheel is stationed our old friend, Capt. *John Justin*, a vigilant sentinel, and an experienced pilot, whose knowledge extends to every projecting bar in the Sound, and every sunken wreck from this city to the land of Gotham."

We cheerfully publish the following Card, from several highly respectable gentlemen who were on board during her first passage.

A CARD.

We the undersigned, a committee in behalf of the passengers on board the new steamboat Providence, tender to Capt. Seth Thayer, our cordial thanks for the skill and prudence evinced by him during a rough and boisterous passage on the 11th inst. from New York to Providence. We would also express our entire approbation of the excellence of the Boat, in having encountered the gale in such a manner as evinced that she has no superior, either for strength or speed.

Signed J. WHITAKER,
I. W. GOODRICH,
G. W. JACKSON,
M. STODDARD,
THOS. J. STEAD.

Providence, Dec. 13, 1832.

BROADWAY HOTEL,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Cincinnati Literary Gazette contains quite a lengthy description of this House. The Broadway Hotel, in its present improved condition, including the court, is one hundred and thirty-three and a half feet, by ninety two and a half, being four stories in height. The court is 28 by 82 feet, surrounded on three sides by a colonade, in the Doric order. The whole number of rooms is 126, of which 15 are parlors for guests. A great number of the chambers are more than twelve feet square, airy, and well lighted. There are six flights of stairs leading from the upper to the lower parts of the building, and halls extending through the front and back wings, commencing with the stairs at every angle. There are two large public parlors, one for ladies the other for gentlemen. The dining room is 76 by 30 feet in the clear; the ceiling is supported by a single row of Grecian columns, 14 feet in height, painted in imitation of marble, with bronze capitals. At the east end of the room, under a large eliptical oval, there is carved a bronze eagle, 7 feet 8 inches from tip to tip of the wings. The upper part of the room is painted in Arabesque, with wreathes of flowers, &c. On the north and south sides of the room, are six paintings in oil, about 7 by 10 feet in size. The first is a view of Paris from the avenue of Meuil Montant—the second the Broadway Hotel on fire, as it appeared at the late conflagration—third, Fair Mount, and Schuylkill bridge, near Philadelphia—fourth, the city of Albany, New York—fifth, London, from Waterloo bridge—sixth, the Lake of Geneva, with the city of Vevay in the distance, and the Castle of Chillon in the foreground. At the west end of the room there is a painting 6 by 16 feet representing Cincinnatus at the plough. These paintings have all been executed by Mr. A. Mondelli, in his usual tasteful and masterly manner.

The editor of the Gazette assures us that there is no public dining room in the United States, which in point of elegance and finish, can be compared to this hotel, and indeed he thinks the house as a whole, is scarcely equalled for comfort, safety, and convenience, by any in the union. Having a stone cornice and tin roof, it is fire proof without, and in case of a fire occurring within, the passages and flights of stairs are so wide and numerous that no one need be burned, unless from choice.

The house is very handsomely furnished, and kept, we are happy to state, by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Harris, in a manner highly satisfactory to the numerous guests with which it is already thronged. It is the property of the Bank of the United States.

THE GENERAL JACKSON.

This superior steamboat under the command of Captain Havens, has discontinued her trips between this city and Norwich and New London, for the purpose of being repaired, in order to resume her station on the first of January next. If any boat on the sound deserves patronage it is surely this. During the existence of the cholera, she continued her trips without intermission, to the great convenience of the few who were compelled to travel between New York and Boston.

Ferrell, the anti-Trollope, in his observations on this country, very justly remarks, that our hackney-coachmen are extortionate, indeed insolent. We can vouch its truth. But a few nights ago we had occasion to employ a hack, and without attempting to quarrel respecting the extortion, were threatened and bullied, indeed placed in "bodily fear," because we selected a driver who appeared to be more civil than his ruffian associate. Verily it should be looked to. It cries aloud for reform.

Literary Notices.

LADIES MAGAZINE—for December—With the present number closes the fifth volume of this work. It continues to maintain without abatement its primitive popularity. *Mrs. Hale*, the *editress*, has done more, perhaps, than any of her fair countrywomen to elevate the standing of female literature, and it affords us the most unmingled pleasure to learn that she is reaping her reward in the liberal patronge ortended to her efforts by the good and gifted in every section of our country. To adopt the language of Mrs. H.—"this is the only work devoted strictly to the object of inculcating, with all womenly duties and accomplishments, the tone of sentiment and feeling corresponding with the high dignity of an *American lady*. Surely the daughters of this republic will suport such a work." The 1st number of the 6th volume which will appear early in January is to contain two plates, and phrenological drawings of the human head.—It is published by Marsh, Capen & Lyon, Boston, and Peter Hill, Broadway, New York, at $3 per annum.

VALUABLE WORKS.—Messrs. MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, Boston, have published very opportunely, a new work entitled "the Rights of an American Citizen, with a commentary on State Rights, and on the Constitution and policy of the United States by BENJAMIN L. OLIVER, Esq." a gentleman of enlarged and liberal views, and extensive acquirements. The subject discussed in this volume, at the present moment have a peculiar interest. The lucid, independent and manly expose of the rights of the American citizen here presented, entitle it to the candid perusal of the virtuous and patriotic.—We regret that our limited space will not admit of a more elaborate notice; for we consider the volume worthy of all consideration. The sentiments advanced have our unqualified approbation—and we believe that in this particular we are only expressing the sentiments of two thirds of our countrymen. We would recommend to our zealous Unionists the propriety of putting a copy into the hands of every Nullifier at the South, in a firm persuasion that its tendency in allaying the excitement would be of the most salutary character. It is on sale at the bookstore of Peter Hill, 94 Broadway.

MORRELL'S VOYAGES.—We intended to have given a long article this week, on this very interesting work, which has just been published by the Harpers, but must defer it, for want of room. In the mean time, however, we select the following affecting description of the Captain's interview with the sister of Mr. William Ogden a young man who sailed in the Antarctic and was drowned on the coast of Africa.

Thus far all had been pleasure and congratulation. Several friends had dropped in to wish us joy, and welcome my return. Among the rest a beautiful young lady, who had formed an intimacy with my wife during my absence, made her appearance. Owing to the agitation and confusion ever attendant on such joyful occasions, the usual etiquette of a formal introduction was forgotten or neglected, and my fair visitor opened the conversation without ceremony, her eyes sparkling with vivacity and pleasure as she spoke.

"Oh, Mrs. Morrell, I congratulate you with all my heart. Captain, I am so glad that you have returned. I hear that your beatiful new vessel the Antarctic is at quarantine. I suppose she will be detained some time. How soon do you think she will be up?—Or will your men be allowed to come to the city to see their friends? You must let my brother William come up, if it is only for one night, or else we shall all go down to see him, and board you by force of arms. Your Antarctic, with all her guns, cannot oppose a female press-gang, who have so strong a claim on one of your crew. We must have William."

"William! What William!" I inquired, as a very unpleasant suspicion flashed across my mind. "We have several fine fellows of that name. Which of them do you claim, miss?"

"Why my brother, to be sure, William Ogden, the last man you shipped, the very day before you sailed; he gave us the slip at a few hour's notice, for which I mean to give him a round scolding, after I have kissed him, and am certain that he is quite well. And I have good news for him too."

The reader will easily perceive that I now found myself placed in a very awkward, in a very painful situation. To dash at once from the lips of this amiable girl a cup overflowing with hope, joy, and affection, I could not for the wealth of worlds; the worth of the Antarctic, and all her valuable cargo, would not have bribed me. I stole an appealing glance at my wife, for counsel and assistance; but instantly read, in an answering glance, that I must depend on my own resources. I therefore resolved to gain time by evasion, and so made the following reply:

"William Ogden! There is no man on board of the Antarctic of that name." She now looked very much alarmed. "But as you allude to his giving you the slip, and shipping in a sudden, unexpected manner, it is highly probable that he may have entered under an assumed name. It is often done by romantic young men, you know, especially if there be "a lady in the case."

"An assumed name!" repeated the affectionate sister. "Why should he do so? And yet it is possible. Indeed, it must be so; for I know, we all know, that he sailed in the Antarctic; and the very night before he sailed a strange band of music came under his window, and played the beautiful air of "Home, sweet home," in the sweetest style, he told us, that ever he heard it performed in his life. But he knew not who the musicians were, nor could he imagine the cause of their paying him the compliment of so pleasing a serenade. They repeated it several times, he said, and the effect on his mind was such as almost induced him to relinquish his wild resolution of going to sea."

"Well, Miss Ogden," I replied, with as much firmness as I could assume, "if your brother be on board the Antarctic, under whatever name he may have shipped, you shall see him to-morrow; or at least hear some reasons for his non-attendance. You shall not be kept in suspense an hour after I return to the ship."

With this assurance she appeared satisfied and after thanking me, departed with a heart as light as gossamer, or the down of a thistle. I now consulted with my wife, and one or two friends, on the best mode of breaking the distressing intelligence to the now happy family. One of my friends, much better qualified for such a mournful office than myself, volunteered his services on the occasion. I did not attempt to express my gratitude to him, but I felt it; and if he should chance to cast his eye upon this page, let him be assured that I thank him still, for saving my feelings on that occasion. I would not shrink from any duty, under ordinary circumstances, but the reader must bear in mind that I had yet scarcely embraced my own family, after a long absence.

My friend performed his assumed duty, and acquitted himself on this occasion, as he does on every other, in the best possible manner. The shock was great; but every member of that highly respectable and very amiable family had been taught by affectionate and pious parents to be resigned to the will of Providence. The thrice-bereaved and widowed mother came to see me on the following day, and thanked me for—I hardly remember what; but she thought I had been kind to her poor boy, as she called him. She assured me that she had prayed for and obtained a feeling of humble resignation to this afflicting dispensation; and that she could breathe sincerely from her heart the ejaculation of "Thy will be done."

The Rev. J. L. Blake, of Boston, a most indefatigable compiler and composer of good school books, has recently got up a small neatly executed volume, called *Conversations on the Evidences of Christianity*, in the form of question and answer, and with questions also at the bottom of pages, for the use of schools. The work is carefully studied, we think, and well adapted to its proposed end. Publishers, Messrs. Carter and Hendee.

Historical and Descriptive account of British India, from the most remote period to the present time: including a narrative of the early Portuguese and English voyages, the Revolution in the Mogul Empire, and the origin, progress, and establishment of the British power, with illustrations of the Zoology, Botany, Climate, Geology, and Mineralogy. Also Medical observations,—An account of the Hindoo Astronomy—the Trigonometrical Surveys,—and the Navigation of the Indian seas. By Hugh Murray, Esq., F. R. S. E. James Wilson, Esq., F. R. S. E. and M. W. S. R. K. Greenville, LL. D. Professor Jameson. Whitelaw Ainslie, M. D., M. R. A. S., late of the Medical staff of Southern India. William Rhind, Esq. M. R. C. S. Professor Wallace, and Captain Clarence Dalrymple, Hon. East India Company's service. In 3 vols. Published by J. & J. Harper, N. York.

What shall we do with the Harpers? They send forth such a constant stream from their Litary fount that it is almost impossible to keep pace with their efforts.

We will not attempt to offer a critique on their last emanation "The History of British India," further than to refer our readers to the title page, on which they will find recorded the names of eight distinguished individuals by whom the work is edited. A hasty glance, all that time would permit, amply satisfied us that the work is replete with information of the most desirable character, rendered, in a style, attractive and imposing.

We shall offer an extract next week, and believe when we have given the volume an attentive perusal much will be found calculated to grace the columns of our paper, and of which we shall avail. We are sure that such Authentic and extensive information relating to this interesting portion of the globe has never before been so happily embodied.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

This new monthly is on the eve of publication; and, we understand, the contents will consist entirely of ORIGINAL matter. It is the intention of the Editor to make it purely an American work. Articles on the literature, customs, and scenery of this country, will occupy its pages, and we shall, at last, have a MONTHLY work which will be a fair specimen of the talent existing among us, and one that we will be able to call *our own*. But where's the use of all this labor, trouble, and expense? The Knickerbocker will not meet with half the encouragement which is afforded to such trashey, wishy-washy, slang-wanging *reprints* of foreign *stuff* (generally "*cribbed*" without acknowledgement,) as the Lady's Book of Philadelphia, with its hobby-horses, old-fashioned cuts of milliner's bonnets, and worn-out, cast-off, copper engravings. We have no ill will towards the Daily Chronicle people, but verily and truly, *their* Lady's Book is, as Hackett might express it—an "*almighty gag*," and *puff* it as they may and constantly do, it is an unqualified *humbug*—a disgrace to the American press. But we were speaking of the Knickerbocker. We hope it will succeed; and, for that reason, we say to every body who cares a farthing for the literature of the land, subscribe for it—and don't let it share the fate of its numerous predecessors; Bowen's Lady's Book we are compelled to advert to, while on this subject. It is a fac simile of the London publication and presents a specimen of American enterprise, peculiarly creditable. The spirited proprietor has thus far received no recompense, but his perseverance is likely to ensure it, and largely.

NEW YORK FARMER AND HORTICULTURAL REPOSITORY.—We owe an apology for not calling attention earlier to this valuable periodical, now published by D. K. Miner, the intelligent and enterprizing proprietor of the *Rail Road Journal*, (which, by the way, is a very useful and able hebdomedal.) This paper furnishes a large amount of matter, highly interesting to the American farmer, and the scientific generally. Mr. FLEET, freed from the responsibilities and perplexities connected with the financial and publishing concerns, will now be able to devote his time and talents to the editorial conduct exclusively, and thus extend his researches, and enhance the value and interest of this Journal.

By B. H. Green, Boston—Flowers of Fable, for children with 24 engravings.

By Marsh, Capen & Lyon, Boston—A View of the Elementary Principles of Education, founded on the study of the nature of man; by G. Spurzheim, M. D. of the Universities of Vienna and Paris, and Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of London; revised and improved by the author, from the third London edition.

'The American Physician, and Family Assistant,' by Dr. E. Smith, Boston—containing, 1st, A general description of Vegetable Medicines, chiefly the produce of our own country. 2d. The manner of procuring and using them. 3d. A general description of diseases, and how they may be cured, without blistering, bleeding, or making use of *mercury, arsenic, opium*, or any kind of *mineral* or vegetable poisons. 4th. A description of *mineral* and vegetable *poisons*, used by many at the present day.

Messrs. Marsh, Capen, & Lyon, have published Professor Follen's Funeral Oration, at the burial of the late lamented SPURZHEIM.

LADDER TO LEARNING.—A beautiful little volume with the above title, edited and improved by Mrs. Trimmer, has recently been published by Carter, Hendee & Co. of this city. It consists of a collection of fables, arranged progressively in words of one, two and three syllables, with original morals.—*Boston Evening Gaz.*

"TO ALBANY AND BACK."

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce gives in a late number of that paper the following anecdotes, which may be new to some of our readers. He says:

"In the days of Byron's popularity with our poetry readers, a company of young dandies, crowded on the deck of one of your splendid steamers, on their way to Saratoga, were in ecstacies with the beauties of Beppo. One only dissented, saying he could make as good poetry himself. The book was handed him to select a passage for the rivalry of his muse. He opened with, "Didst thou ever see a Gondola?" &c. Now hear, said he;

"Didst ever see a steam-boat?
It goes to Albany and back;
And when you see it,
The smoke is black."

The other is this, and equally as clever:—

"A good German farmer had the honor to be elected by his neighbors a representative from one of the counties in Pennsylvania. When he returned, he was interrogated by every one he met in this wise: "Well, what has the Legislature done?" To which he uniformly answered, "I don't know." "And what do you go for?"—"Four dollars a day."

A TOUCH OF THE RIDICULOUS.

Massa Hewlett appears to be in good odour with John Bull, or else we are in very *bad* odour with him. Either we have, as the subjoined will show, degraded Kemble to the level of Hewlett, or they have elevated Hewlett to Kemble's level.

The London Age, of Oct. 21, has this article:—"C. Kemble and his daughter had played four nights in New York, when the last American news arrived, to good, but not great houses. They opened with Romeo and Juliet; Fazio was the second appearance, and the School for Scandal the third: the Yankees preferring her Rosses, in Fazio, to her Juliet, and condemning her Lady Teazle. Of Charles Kemble's Hamlet they were 'by no manner of means enamoured,' not thinking it vastly superior to the African Roscius, who appeared here at the Coburg.

Sporting Varieties.

SAVANNAH JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The following purses will be run for over this course under the exclusive control and direction of the Stewards and Officers of the Club, commencing on the last Wednesday, (the 30th) of January next, being the annual meeting of the Club, and will continue four days. Free for any mare, horse or gelding in the United States.

First day—January 30, four mile heats, for a purse of $700
Second day—three mile heats, for a purse of $500
Third day—two mile heats, for a purse of $300
Fourth and last day—mile heats, the best 3 in 5, handicap $200
Weights, &c. according to the rules of the Savannah Jockey Club.

RICHARD D ARNOLD, *Sec'y.*
October 30.

WOLF HUNT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The last Bradford

Miller, White & Coleman's

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER AND SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The Drama.

KEMBLE AND THE BOSTON MANAGER.

The Philadelphia Gazette contains the following article about Mr. Charles Kemble, and the Tremont Theatre Manager in Boston. The editor of that paper is, we hear, the particular friend of Mr. Kemble, and therefore this article probably speaks the words of Mr. Kemble, in the character of the editor.

It appears that the Kembles have failed to effect an arrangement with the Managers of the Boston Tremont Theatre, the latter not being willing to yield to the terms of the former, which were, we presume, the same as those offered to other managers.—*Inquirer.*

The Inquirer is right. The terms, which were once proposed and *accepted* by the Boston manager or agent, were the same as those which the managers of all the other theatres where the Kembles have played, have found it immensely profitable to accede to. The complaints of the Boston man are entirely gratuitous; he wished, we understand, to bargain, and deal in contingencies, that he might make heavy nutmeg-gains out of the engagement; but having an upright *gentleman* to deal with, who would stoop to no parleyings and variations, he found he had mistaken his man—and hence his grumblings. It is folly to suppose that distinguished artists will encounter the perils of the sea, and consent to receive, in a foreign land, a smaller equivalent for their commanding and attractive talents, than they received at home; or that they would vary their terms in every place where they sojourned. No one but a theatrical *Solomon Swap*, would expect or ask it.

Now this article would represent Mr. Kemble as the perfect Chevalier Bayard of dealers, while the opinion in his own country, judging from what the papers say, seems to be such as to encourage the belief that Mr. Kemble negotiating with a Boston manager, would be Yorkshire against Yankeeland—diamond cut diamond. We printed what the London papers said the other day about the way in which he treated our friend KNOWLES, concerning the Hunchback, while he secured such advantages to the less profitable plays of his own daughter. The Kembles are by no means celebrated for not taking good care of themselves; and we really can see no reason why the same privilege should not be allowed to the Bostonian. If Mr. Dana has deceived the Kembles, or wished to deal meanly with them, we shall be the first to reprehend any advantages attempted to be taken of strangers; but, as yet, this does not appear; and till we are surer than any representations yet made, induce us to feel, that Mr. Dana is in the wrong, we will not encourage the excitement of any underhand prejudices against the Tremont manager, built upon the mere assumption of magnanimity and disinterestedness in Mr. Charles Kemble.

We are glad to see the Kembles here. We have not scrupled to pay them well for coming, and to give them all hospitality, personal as well as public. But it is quite a mistake to suppose that Mr. Kemble and his daughter can make more than between eleven and twelve thousand pounds sterling a year by their acting in England, or that they would have crossed the Atlantic, could they have been any thing near as profitably employed in their own country. The mere absence of Miss Kemble will be of vast use to her when she goes back; and the reputation as well as the profit she will gain here, will turn to excellent account for her in London, though many there will be very ready to say the bad taste of the Americans has made her vulgar. They said so of Kean. Nevertheless, we have heard good judges aver that Miss Kemble never played half so well in London as they have seen her play in New York; and that if she had always acted as well at Covent Garden, as she has often done at the Park, there would not be the great division of opinion there really is and always has been, on the other side of the ocean, as to her merits. All we can do, to make those merits justly appreciated, we shall continue to attempt; but there is such a thing as over puffing, and writers who attempt to establish a claim on the score of the Kembles coming here to their own prejudice for the sake of complimenting the country, do them no service; and as they came for what they can gain from the Theatres, why should not Theatres whose directors do not think they would get a fair proportion of the gains, upon the terms demanded, do without them? Yankee managers are not more eager than those of other countries, to do without any thing that is likely to yield them profit.

The Park Theatre.

Since our last we have seen Miss Hughes and Messrs. Horn and Jones, in the Opera of Der Freischutz, but owing to the unusual inclemency of the weather, the house was rather thinly attended. Miss Hughes was in fine voice, however, and to our mind, her execution as Linda, of the difficult and even wild music of Von Weber, has never been excelled. She gave "The Hunter's Signal Horn," as Princess of Navarre, in John of Paris, with the most brilliant effect, and was rapturously *encored*.

Mr. Horn apparently was still suffering from his indisposition, but as Caspar, gave us many passages, teeming with beauty and power; his acting throughout was excellent, but the character is an unpleasant one, and partakes too much of its German origin to suit our taste. We learn with pleasure that this gentleman has been engaged by the Park management to take charge of the Operatic department, and that several novelties are rapidly progressing, under his superintendence. The Adolph of Mr. Jones, was well received, and his John of Paris was played with fine taste and considerable spirit.

We regret that in relation to Oralloossa, our remarks must be brief. The talented author of the play deserves at our hands the most gentlemanly courtesy, but this week we cannot render him justice. Of Mr. Forrest it is useless to speak. We were his herald in this city, and our predictions, as set forth in the Daily Advertiser and American, have been fully verified. There are portions of Mr. Forrest's Shakspearean exactments, that were surpassing. Whether his attention to mere effect, as exhibited in the dramas his liberality has called into existence and his zeal fostered, has impaired the nicer delineations of his art, we know not. We agree, however, with one of our contemporaries that Mr. Forrest will find his advantage in more studiously devoting his attention to the great and unapproachable master genius—Shakespeare!

On Wednesday, Mr. Mason, from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, made his first appearance on our boards, and we do not hesitate to say his *debut* was entirely successful. Mr. M. is a nephew of Mr. Charles Kemble, and is to be retained as one of the stock company of the Park. We congratulate him on his "decided hit." His Rover was the best we have seen since Simpson gave up the part; the gratification of the audience was frequently manifested by hearty plaudits.

After the heavy Opera of Rob Roy, on Thursday evening, we were presented with a beautiful Masque and Pageant, in honor of the Genius of the Minstrel of the North. The piece must have been got up at very short notice, and we were most agreeably disappointed in finding it so worthy of the applause it elicited. Many of the Tableux were replete with taste, grandeur and elegance, and though a few faults were noticed, on the first representation, they were not unexpected, and the piece went off with great eclat. We shall take occasion to notice it more at length next week.

MR. BOOTH.

This gentleman is now and always has been, a great favorite with the Bostonians: their changing notions to the contrary notwithstanding. "Complimentary notice," says CLAPP, of the Gazette, "would be superfluous in speaking of this actor; and to say that BOOTH is one of the most classical artists now in the profession, would amount to nothing, for all that know him, know him to be so; Hear him then, scholars and men of taste."

A Boston correspondent, speaking of theatricals, remarks: "Your Miss VINCENT has won golden opinions. Her delineation of Julia our critics are disposed to think, may in some respects be equalled, but as a whole cannot be surpassed by the accomplished FANNY KEMBLE, whom we are to be deprived the pleasure of witnessing."

New-York Police.

REPORTED FOR THE TRAVELLER AND TIMES.

RAISING THE WIND,
OR A *foul* PIECE OF BUSINESS.

A lady who occupies a very notable looking four story building, and who, moreover, has a tongue that might wheedle any innocent young man out of his birth right, has lately contrived to initiate herself into the good graces of a certain dealer in ducks and hens, partly by the plausibility of her arguments, and partly by representing to him, that she kept a *large boarding house*, in the which, by the way, there was only one boarder; but, of course, this was an item, she was very particular in keeping "*under the rose*," and for fear of discovery, she used to procure as much for his consumption as might have very decently served a dozen. From time to time she was very attentive in changing the location of divers of the poulterer's commodities from his stall to her own refectory, and never went to market but she was sure to bring many marks of approbation in the way of unbounded flattery for the quality of his merchandize, and a promise of further *patronage* among her friends.

It's a long lane, they say, that never comes to a turn, and a long reckoning that never comes to a close. The bill had now amounted to nine dollars, and the higgler being fairly out of fowls, one morning took the liberty of calling on the lady for the money, but she (no doubt deeming that her patronage, and the interest she *designed* to take in his affairs, was full indemnification for the merchandize,) refused to pay, and further stated her complete insolvency, a thing which was perfectly manifested to the unfortunate creditor, who had always before formed his opinion from the outside of the house.

An application was made at the Police Office on the part of the poulterer, but of course, without success, for it could not be proved that the lady obtained the property under false pretences, as her representations were always confined to the apparent respectability and size of her house, and not to any substantial testimony thereof. The claimant left the office, declaring that to say the least of it, it was very *foul* play.

Eight persons were this morning brought up, charged with drunkenness, making, in addition to those brought up on every other day this week, the number of 83, part of whom as old offenders, were committed, and part as novices, dismissed with suitable admonitions. It is a statistical fact, well known to the Police, that nearly nine-tenths of the crimes which deluge the city, and carry so many to State Prisons or Penitentiaries, are caused by the intemperate use of ardent spirits, which drives reason from its throne, and suffers the moral faculties to pause in their march, or perish for want of culture.

Reed was a sea-faring man, of great muscular strength, and much violence of temper. He had been absent about nine months, leaving his wife to earn her living. She was a smart spirited woman, and she last night received a very loving visit from her husband at her little shop. He was drunk and abusive, and a fight ensued, in which the wife was sorely beaten—had her eyes badly blacked and garments torn, and stained with blood, while she inflicted on his face sundry marks with her finger-nails, along which the blood took the liberty to travel. At about this period of the war the watch came along and interrupting the combatants, carried them both off to the watch-house.

Justice. Did you beat your wife?

Prisoner. Yes, your honor, I did.

Justice. How came you to do it: no man *is a man* that beats his wife; he is a coward, and would run from a man.

Prisoner. Yes, he is though a man; I am a man all over. She was in fault—she scratched my face and tore two shirts off me, and I then just knocked her down—that's all.

Wife. I did not touch you, nohow, and you know it, till you struck me. You left me to get my own living for nine months, and then you come and beat me, and abused me; and you wont help me, you wont.

Justice, to Prisoner. You are a great jackass, to beat your wife.—You are a great big coward, and *no* man.

Prisoner. I am no jackass, for I have no long tail. I am no coward, and I am a man what follows the seas. My wife was to blame, and I beat her; but if I did wrong I am sorry.

Justice. You must find bail or go to prison.

Here the wife began to relent, and said she did not wish him to go to prison; but as the complaint was laid, and the peace of the neighborhood disturbed, she had her choice, either to go to prison herself, or to send her husband there; and she accordingly had her better or for worse half pushed off to Bridewell, for want of bail, in order to keep out herself.

Freeman was complained of by his wife, in this, that not having the fear of crockery before his eyes, he wickedly, unfeelingly and with malice aforethought, broke his wife's teapot, and then swore hard at her in the bargain. It being deemed exceedingly rude, by the court, to break a lady's teapot, it had like to have went hard with him, but with much mildness, she relented, and marched her husband off home to buy her another teapot, and to protect the balance of the crockery from abuse and blows.

Rosanna, a thick-lipped, curly-headed negro girl, with a ten-fold share of ugliness about her, was found drunk and disorderly in the street, as far as one *could* be so, who could not stand. It appears she was looking up in the world, for she was flat on her back, and had been out of the Penitentiary, as she averred, nearly three months, having served upwards of 30 terms of 60 days each in that laboratory of health and knowledge, much to the improvement of her moral habits. As she was only 37 years old, boasted much of her honesty, virtue, and the good place at which she lived, and as there was an evident improvement in her morality, it was agreed that she should return to her service, provided her story was true, on which terms Rosanna, very peaceably walked into Bridewell, to inhale the pure breezes that murmur through the bars of its chambers.

A man named *Gale*, who urged on by a *stiff breeze* of intemperance, appeared to have been in a *frolicksome squall*, and in that state perpetrated sundry acts of violence, consisting of the breaking of furniture, and the shipwreck of household wares, was brought up, charged with having run on the *lee shore* of *law-breaking*, and held to bail to answer for the offence.

A SIGN OF IMPROVEMENT.—A very fashionable apparalled lady was introduced to the magistrates a few days since, on a charge of taking up too "much of the street," or as Dibden might say, for being "half seas over." The magistrate, on bringing his eye to bear on her physiognomy, at once recognized her as an old friend. "Ho! ho!! Mrs. Crosby," says he, "I thought I let you off a day or two ago on a promise of improvement." "Well, your worship," answered Mrs. Crosby, "I hope you'll give me credit for redeeming my promise, for I'm sure I'm drunker now than ever I was before."

Margaret C. a person of some consequence, in her way, happening to steal some wet clothes from a yard at night, before the owners had time to dry them, and being thought industrious over much, was taken up, charged with the offence and committed.

Mary Kennedy, alias Williams, a lady of color, who had the honor to profess herself wife of a white man, who was recently promoted to a tenancy in the State Prison, was troubled with a slight of hand, which induced her to steal some clothes, for which fashionable offence, she was brought up and committed.

Two black fellows, about "half seas over," feeling an itching for the commission of larceny, and finding nothing else on which to lay their fingers for felony, picked up a hedge anchor, weighing nearly an hundred pounds, in Washington street, and with much labor and lifting bore it off. But not knowing how to dispose of their prize they found themselves in more trouble than before they had the chattle in possession, and in this quandary with repentance in their hands & hearts, the watch came across them, and directed them to bear their burthen to the Police Office, while *they* were led away in the watch-house, whence they emerged this morning, confessed the offence with mutual criminations and recriminations and were committed.

Mr. White, who looked rather *blue*, came all the way from Lansingburgh to find a lodging in the watch house, in which he was eminently successful. He had been in a bit of a spree, was robbed of his hat by a lady whose house he entered to get some rum to bathe his flesh, both internally and externally—was a watchmaker—had neither father or mother, and no money. He was dismissed with suitable admonitions to return home, with as little delay as possible.

To Correspondents.—"Ahou's poetical reveries were received—and will appear in our next. We tender him our thanks for his "Long Bow," and trust we shall hear from him in that way again. "Mens's," "Adventure" was in type, but unavoidable postponed. Several other communications shall meet with due attention.

Facts and Fictions.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—IN PROSE AND VERSE.

A WORD OF ADVICE.—The way to get credit is to be *punctual*—the way to *preserve* it is not to use it *too much*. Settle often—have short accounts.

THE LADIES AT LONG QUARANTINE.—The Duke of Modena has ordered that no woman shall enter his august presence—having dreamed that he was murdered by one. This old crab apple ought to be pinched to death by snuff-takers; and he *will* die some unnatural death unless he repent.—*Camden Journal.*

A SIMILE.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures,—
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But, be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

Would you know this boy to be my son from his resemblance to me? asked a gentleman. Mr. Curran answered, yes, sir: the maker's name is stamped upon the *blade*.

A QUERY ANSWERED.

A gentleman once asked his son, "What word in the English language, taking away the first letter, would surely make *you sick?*" In answer to which the following epigramatic reply was returned.

Take this—for I can find no better:
The word you mean is *nusick*;
By cutting off the initial letter,
'Twill certainly make *u sick*.

A Connecticut Jonathan in taking a walk with his *dearest*, came to a toll bridge, when he, as honestly as he was wont to be, said, after paying his toll, (which was one cent,) 'Come, Suke, you must pay your own toll, for just as like's not I shn't have you arter all.'

A BISHOP'S BLESSING.

With cover'd head a country boor
Stood, while the bishop blessed the poor;
The mitred prelate, lifted high
His voice, "Take off your hat."—"Not I—
Your blessing's worth," he said,
"If, through the hat 'twont reach the head."

An epicure who was advised to start a young horse for the "Two-year-old Stakes," declined on the ground, that, were he to win them, they would be hardly worth eating.

THE WICKED SON.

A father was saying,
To his son disobeying,
No father e'er had so wicked a son;
"Yes, yes," says the lad,
I remember good dad,
My grandfather—he had just such a one."

A CHOICE OF A WIFE.
FROM MARTIAL.

Pray, would you know if I would change my life,
What kind of girl I'd choose to be my wife!
I would not have her be so fond to say,
Yes! at first dash, nor dwell too long on nay!
These two extremes, I hate; then let her be
'Twixt both—not too hard nor too free!

It is said, that Collins, in throwing a stone at William IV. head, designed to overthrow the monarchy. He certainly directed his attack against the *King's crown*.

PHRENOLOGY.

To seek out heads of every shape,
Bacon and Shakspeare, ass and ape,
Phrenologists take pains;
And in this search they are surely right,
For ne'er was system brought to light
So much in *want of brains*.

DELIGHTFUL REMEDY FOR HICCOUGH.—Four drops of cinnamon oil on a lump of sugar, held in the mouth till it (the sugar or hiccough, one or both) is gone.

Scott, in his "Christian Life," speaking of sinners going to Heaven, quaintly says, "They would find themselves like pigs in a drawing-room."

A gentleman having bought a pair of geese of a countryman at an extra price, asked the seller why he was so unwilling to dispose of one alone. Why, sir, said he, they have been constant companions *twenty five years*, and I have not the heart to part them.

INTIMATE FAMILY CONNEXION.—The Lowell Journal, alluding to the prosperous state of that town, and the high price of rents, remarks: "If some persons would erect a large number of separate tenements for small families, he would realize a good profit and do the town some service. At present there are a great number of families so mixed up together that they hardly know which is which."

DERIVATION.—*Su'em Quick!* said a neighbor of ours, aloud, as he run over our exchange list. We looked at the sentence, and found the following harmless Latin Quotation, "Suum Cuique," meaning, simply, "Let each man have his own." We *guess* "Su'em Quick" is corrupted from the Latin—Is't so, Mr. Linquist?—*Lowell Compend.*

A drunken fellow lately going home on a dark night, somewhere in Ohio, fell into a ditch and stuck. A passer by mistaking him for a bear, procured a rifle and shot him dead. If he had known that it was some other beast, and not a bear, the marksman probably would not have wasted his ammunition.—*Camden Journal.*

LITERARY PROFANITY.—A Boston Editor, endeavoring to say something awfully pathetic on the death of Sir Walter Scott, has this sacrilegious sentence: "*Next to Burns, Scotland cannot boast the memory of a nobler poet.*" No man venerates the memory of Burns more warmly than we do, but he who would talk about the author of Marmion and Ivanhoe, as "*next*" to him who was merely the best writer of Scotch ballads, would speak of the Atlantic ocean as a mere tributary to the Lake Memphremagog.—*Camden Journal.*

One of the Northern papers mentions the destruction of a *butter* factory in Williamsburgh, Mass. by fire. We are a little puzzled at this paragraph. We suppose, however, it must mean that some valuable cow has been burnt to death in that town.—*Camden Jour.*

From the Providence Patriot.

"*New-York Spirit of the Times.*"—This excellent paper and the New-York Traveller have recently been "joined together," and will hereafter be published under the title of the "Traveller, Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York." That this union be preserved, must be the earnest wish of every reader of that valuable journal, as the force of editorial talent thus combined, renders it one of the most interesting sheets in the country. Our friend Porter, we are happy to perceive, will continue to conduct the "sporting department" of the paper, the duties of which he is in every respect competent to discharge. Messrs. Hunt and Adams, former editors of the Traveller, will also contribute their share to its columns, which will greatly enhance its value. We wish the gentlemen success in their editorial *travels*, and trust that during *life*, they will maintain the same cheerful *spirit*, which in *times* past has marked their course.

From the Germantown Telegraph.

The "New-York Traveller," and the New-York "Spirit of the Times," two of our most spirited publications, have recently united, and will hereafter be issued under the title of "The Traveller and Spirit of the Times."

From the Jeffersonian, Hartford, Con.

The Spirit of the Times, to which we have before alluded has lately been united with the New-York Traveller. The "Traveller and Spirit of the Times" is issued weekly and for variety excells any periodical we know of. It is admirably conducted, containing numerous choice selections, and original productions, not only amusing but instructive. As a sporting paper it is unequalled. Those of our readers who delight in trout fishing ought to become subscribers immediately. They will be enabled to take two to one after reading the "Spirit of the Times," or as friend B—— says, those particularly which are "suitable to boil."

From the American Traveller, Boston, Mass.

The New York Traveler has been united with the Spirit of the Times, and is now issued on Saturday evening. It contains a variety of departments, and a large quantity of well-seasoned original matter.

From the Weekly Messenger, Lynn, Mass.

New York Traveller and Spirit of the Times.—These two very spirited publications have recently been united. Some weeks since, it will be recollected, we took occasion favorably to notice the Traveller, since which time, in our opinion, it has greatly advanced in interest and usefulness. Its columns have contained much well-written original matter from experienced writers; and from the union of talent which has now taken place, we may reasonably expect it will be much enhanced in value. A general idea may be formed of its contents by the various heads under which its articles are appropriately arranged, viz:—*Matrimonial* Miscellany, The Angler, The Hunter, The Turf, Literary Notices, Life in New York, Odds and Ends, Facts and Fictions, Sporting Varieties, The Drama, Miscellanies, &c. If laughing makes fat, we would advise Calvin Edson to take the Traveller, and he may soon exhibit himself as Daniel Lambert. To a traveller, the advertising columns will answer very well as a guide book. Success to you, Gentlemen.

From the Wilkesbarre Democrat.

The "New York Traveller," and "Spirit of the Times," have joined fellowship, not only in a paper, but an editorial union. Judging from the ability with which the "Traveller" has been conducted we predict that this connexion will be an auspicious one. The joint publication has come to hand, much improved in appearance, and embodying a pleasing variety for literary gusto. Those who delight to "catch living manners as they rise," will do well to possess themselves of this valuable publication.

From the Times, Newburyport, Mass.

Union of Papers.—Mess. Hunt and Adams, of New York, have purchased the establishment of the Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York, and united it with the New York Traveller. In this arrangement, Mr. PORTER, the late proprietor and talented conductor of the Spirit of the Times, is retained as conductor of the Sporting Department. The Traveller and Times have both been conducted with considerable talent and spirit, and we doubt not that the union of the journals, bringing together as it does the united talent of both, will render the "Traveller and Spirit of the Times," a valuable, very acceptable, (and we hope profitable) paper. The reputation heretofore sustained by these papers, is a sufficient recommendation to all who are fond of sport, light reading, and general intelligence.

From the Middlesex Telegraph.

The New York Traveller and Spirit of the Times, have been united, much to the gratification of the Patrons of both. Messrs. Hunt & Adams editors and proprietors, are adding largely to their patronage, as the reward of merit and indefatigable industry.

Miscellanies.

GRAND BALL.
City Saloon—Christmas Eve.

J. W. TRUST respectfully announces to his friends and patrons that he will give a Grand Ball on Monday next, being Christmas Eve. During the evening, Master ALFRED TRUST, (pupil of Henry J. Trust) will, by desire, execute with Mr. Patterson, a Duo on the Flute and Harp. The Band will be augmented, and the evening amusements continued until a late hour. Tickets to admit 1 gentleman and 2 ladies $1 each. Gentlemen intending to introduce ladies, must provide themselves with tickets to secure their admission. Season Tickets will be admitted this evening. dec 22

NOTICE of JOHN WILLIAM FAY of application for the exemption of a debtor's person from imprisonment, pursuant to the provisions of the fifth article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the revised statutes. Notice first published December 12, 1832. Creditors to appear before the Hon. Richard Riker, Recorder of the city of New York, at his office, in the City Hall, of the city of New York, on the 28th day of February next, 1833, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. dec15

NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR *streets, New York.*

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgements to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.

The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia, and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Heiskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

FISHING AND FOWLING TACKLE STORE, wholesale and retail by CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 1, Maiden lane, near Broadway, New York. Gut, grass, hair, silk and hemp lines; hickory, ash, hazel and Bamboo Rods, either salid or in the walking stick, for fly and other fishing; single and compound Reels, of superior quality; Hoops and Nets; Fishing Baskets; Artificial Baits, of all kinds; Fish Hooks, of every description; Swivels, brass and steel; Swivel Lewis; Bait Needles; Disgorgers; Bait Boxes, & Floats, of all sizes. Also, single and double barrelled Guns and Pistols, of various qualities; shot belts, single and double; Powder and Liquor Flasks; Game Nets; Cleaning Rods; Wad Cutters; Nipple-wrenchers and Turn-screws; Dog Whips and Calls; Dog Collars of all sizes; Drinking Cups; Pocket Lights. Sportsmen's Apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon and Cork Screw; Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot; Swords, Epaulets and Plumes. Also, a variety of articles in the Hardware & Cutlery line. dec15

JOSEPH C. HART, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery; Clinton Hall, No. 127 Nassau-st, New York. *Reference* to the editors of this paper is offered those who may favor him with their business from abroad. tf

COAL—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by
JACOB SOUTHART,

A. H. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broadway. dec8

Amusements.

PEALE'S MUSEUM
AND GALLERY OF THE FINE ARTS,
BROADWAY, OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL.

THE public are informed that this unrivalled institution is open during the day and illuminated every evening. This valuable collection of the works of nature and art is arranged in three spacious apartments—the paintings are executed by eminent artists, and the subjects of natural history are prepared in the very best manner to resemble life.

The Great Cosmorama, Egyptian Mummy, and Living Anaconda, or Great Serpent of India, are amongst the objects of great attraction.

The evenings are enlivened by fine music, and the 4th or Lecture Room, affords much amusement by the exhibition of the Fantasmagoria or Magic Lantern and other exhibitions in the course of each evening.

Admittance at all times 25 cents, children half price. dec 23

AMERICAN MUSEUM,
Marble Building, Broadway, opposite St Paul's Church.

THIS splendid and extensive establishment still continues open for the gratification of the citizen and stranger; it contains the largest collection of curiosities in the United States and is daily increasing by the same unwearied exertions that for upwards of twenty years have been brought to its present immense extent, embracing in Natural History and the arts all that could be procured worthy of exhibition. It now consists of four large saloons, each upwards of one hundred feet in length, the first contains a rare and valuable collection of Birds; the second the largest collection of Animals and Fish in America; the third contains a case with the Sea Lion and other monsters of the great deep, besides an immense collection of shells, minerals, fossils, war implements, &c. of the Feegee, Sandwich and other nations, waxwork and the Egyptian Mummy, 3000 years old; the fourth containing the grand Cosmora, which is now set with 50 views of different parts of the world, and still continues to elicit universal admiration.

Mr. NOOSER, who last year gave entire satisfaction by his musical talents is again engaged. His performance on the clarionet is very fine and is accompanied by his two little boys, whose performance on the violin is truly astonishing.

Admittance 25 cents; children half price.
june 7 tf

HARP.

H. J. TRUST (pupil of N. C. BOCHSA,) tenders his grateful acknowledgements to his patrons for their support last season, and begs to inform them and the public, that he has now re-commenced giving Lessons on this popular instrument. As a guarantee of his competency as a Teacher, he takes the liberty to direct the attention of families to the names of the following distinguished individuals, to whom he has the honor and permission to refer:—CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton; JOHN M'TAVISH, Esq. of Baltimore; John Delafield, Esq. of New York; Henry Carey, Esq. of do.; James Buchanan, Esq. of do.; D. Lynch, Esq. of do.; N. Prime, Esq. of do.; G. Barclay, Esq. of do. H. J. T. also gives Instructions on the Guitar and Piano Forte. Scores and select parties attended with the Harp, Piano, &c. &c. by the Messrs. TRUSTS. Terms, &c. apply at 52 Howard st. near Broadway. nov 10 6m

WATERING PLACE,
No. 44 Bowery, 1st door south of the Theatre.

J. CAIN & CO. Proprietors of this establishment, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have fitted up the various apartments of their Hotel in a style of comfort and accommodation unsurpassed by any other similar establishment in the city, and that, in addition to the well known genuineness of their entertainments, both for strangers and residents, they have completed their Pin Alley, on a plan of superior commodiousness and beauty, where gentlemen of the most scrupulous morality may freely enjoy the healthiest and most invigorating exercise, apart from certain pernicious practices which are too common in houses of public entertainment.

The subscribers having established the rules of their Hotel on a footing of unexceptionable propriety and order, respectfully invite that liberal patronage which they will make it their constant endeavor to merit.
june 7 tf J. CAIN & CO.

FURNITURE WAREHOUSE.

NO. 167 BOWERY, next door to Allen & Hoyt's Carpet Store—where can be had Furniture of every description; Suching Bottoms, Awnings, &c. Also, an assortment of ready made Coffins. All of which is for sale on the most reasonable terms, by
dec 1 JOHN GROTECLASS

NEW-YORK PEARL STORE.

JOHN BARTON, agent for the Boston Pearl Manufactory, 167 Broadway, New York, will be happy to receive orders for all kinds of of useful, ornamental, and fancy Mother of Pearl Work, such as Pearl Buckles, Crosses, Earrings, umbrella, parasol, and all kinds of Knife Handles, Pearl Studs, Folders, Butter, Fish and Toast Knives, Ornamental Combs; all kinds of Figures, Heads, &c. &c. &c. wrought in Pearl.

☞ A large assortment, at wholesale and retail always on hand. 6m nov 1

JOHNSON & GREEN,

MANUFACTURERS OF HAIR SEATING AND CURLED HAIR, offer for sale at their Factory Ware Room, corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, viz: plain Hair Seating, 15 to 28 inches wide; figured Hair Seating, 16 to 28 inches wide; figured Chair Seats, by the dozen, suitable for Cabinet-makers; white and fancy Hair Cloth; black tabby fancy Hair Cloth, calculated for Stock and Cap-manufacturers; Chair and Sofa Webbing; 300 doz. Hair Stock Frames; 5000 lbs. Curled Hair in Rope. nov 10

PURE WATER.

THE only medium through which this most wholesome and desirable beverage can be obtained, is by using PARKE'S PATENT FILTERING APPARATUS. They may be obtained of him at his store, 4 1-2 Wall st reet, and of WILLIAM VANE, 184 Fulton street, at from $8 to $20 each. Filterers repaired for cash only and no abatement. nov 10

WINTER FASHIONS,
At H. T. STURLEYN'S, 255 Broadway, 2 doors from Peale's Museum.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY colored and bl'k Silk Cloaks, made in a superior style and latest patterns. A large assortment of French Calicoes; gentlemen and ladies' Silk, Cotton, Merino, Angola, Lamb's wool and Worsted Hose. Gloves, of every description, and a splendid assortment Fancy Shawls, Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, and a general assortment of every article in French and English fancy goods. Gentlemen's Fancy Stocks, Collars, &c. which will be offered at the lowest prices. nov 10

HENRY BAILEY, No. 15 Court Street, Boston, has constantly on hand a great variety of Hatters Furs, Trimmings, Buffalo Robes, &c.—also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gloves of all sizes and colors, at the lowest cash prices. mar 1 tf

H. VAN DEWATER, SALE & EXCHANGE STABLE, 164 Washing on street, where he keeps constantly on hand a supply of first-rate HORSES, for sale. N.B. Horses kept at Livery. dec8

PATENT SPIRIT LIGHT.—G. MICHELL, Inventor and Manufacturer of the new discovered SPIRIT LAMPS, 194 Division street, N.York, which for brilliancy and economy, far surpasses any other light offered to the public. They burn five hours for two cents, without any attention. The great encouragement they have received, is the best recommendation. dec8 6m

PATENT PORTABLE FILTER. Joseph Parkes, Sole Patentee. 4 1-2 Wall-street, near Broadway, New-York. The Patentee respectfully solicits the attention of the Inhabitants of this populous city, to an article of such general utility, and in so doing feels confident, that the merits of his invention when thoroughly known, will meet with the approbation of a discerning public. The PATENT FILTER possesses the advantage of purifying, and rendering chrystal, the most stagnant water, and forms an indispensible addition *to all well regulated Establishments*. Spring or Rain Water has hitherto been used and preferred, principally on account of its brilliancy; but numerous medical authorities pronounce it injurious to health inasmuch as it generally holds in solution, various earthly and metalic substances. But all authors, ancient and modern, have concurred in pronouncing, rain or river water, *provided it be pure*, as the best adapted to the human constitution. That the rain water which is collected in wells or cisterns, and the river water with which the city is partially supplied, are both destitute of this indispensible essential, the Patentee has not only his own, but medical and chemical knowledge for stating. He is also aware of a fact which the public in all probability are not, viz. That rain or river water collected into wells, or cisterns, contains not only myriads of Animaculæ, but also an admixture of decayed vegitable and animal matter. The PATENT FILTER completely and effectually frees the most turbid and stagnant water not only from these, but all deleterious earthy matter, and impurities. The PATENT FILTER may be had at Mr. W. VANE'S 184 Fulton-street, near Broadway, and of the Patentee, 4 1-2 Wall-street, at each places orders, post paid, containing a remittance, will meet with due attention. The Prices are from $8 to $20 each—and for cash only.

N. B. Filtering Machines repaired.

NEW LOOKING GLASS PORTRAIT, AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken a store 568 Pearl street, four doors from Broadway, where he intends to carry on the Burnish and Oil Gilding, such as framing portraits, paintings, prints, minia tures, ladies needle work and pictures of all descriptions. New frames made for looking glass plates. Old frames regilt and cleaned. Carved and plain wood and metal of all kinds, gilt in oil in the best manner and on reasonable terms. The smallest favors gratefully received and promptly attended to.

Ship Gilding particularly attended to.
dec. 15 JOSEPH CABOT, 568 Pearl-st.

Valuable Books.

THE TOKEN—For 25 cents.—The Christmas Token, or New Testament Scenes, by the author of 'Green Mountain Annals,' pp. 64, illustrated with 12 engravings.

"This is an interesting narrative of New Testament Scenes, particularly suitable for Christmas and New Year's presents."—*N. Y. Weekly Messenger.*

"An excellent little work, we have no doubt, judging from the pen that has produced it."—*N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.*

"A neat little book, which cannot but interest the juvenile reader."—*N. Y. Gazette.*

Published and for sale by PETER HILL,
94 Broadway.

Who has a very large assortment of Juvenile Books constantly on hand, suitable for presents. dec 22

DECEMBER 1st. THE PIRATE, Revised Edition, in 1 vol. of the New Monthly issue of the Waverly Novels, is this day published by S. H. PARKER, 161 Washington street, Boston, where subscribers will please call or send, for their books—subscription price 75 cts per vol for the series.

☞ The Fortune of Nigel is in press, and by Charles S. Francis in Broadway, N. Y. dec. 15.

JUST Published, by WAITT & DOW, the GRAMMATICAL INSTRUCTER; containing an explanation of all the essential Rules of English Grammar, with their variations carefully arranged under their respective Parts of Speech—the whole interspersed with a variety of familiar and entertaining illustrations, well adapted to impart a thorough and critical knowledge of the science. By Samuel B. Emmons.

"A knowledge of grammar is the foundation of all literature. Without this knowledge, opportunities for writing and speaking are only occasions for men to display their unfitness to write and to speak." For sale at the book stores in New York. dec. 15.

HISTORY OF THE U. STATES,
IN FRENCH.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS—with questions for the examination of Pupils on the sense of the text in the English language—by C. O. Barbensuy. The History of the United States is selected from a series of French publications of a similar character, and prepared for the use of Schools in this country. The editor has added a set of questions for reviewing the lessons after translating it to the class; as these refer to the sense and cannot be answered without a correct understanding of the French Text, it is believed that they will render the work a most desirable class book in all our Schools where the French language is studied. This day published by
CARTER, HENDEE & CO.
Boston, and for sale at the Bookstores in New York.
Nov 17

JUST published, by LINCOLN & EDMNADS Boston, Blake's First Book in Astronomy. The following is an extract of a letter from H. Burritt, Esq. the author of the Treatise on the Encke Comet, which excites so much interest the present year. Mr. Burritt may be considered one of the most scientific astronomers in this country. "I believe I am entitled to the praise of being first to introduce your "First Book in Astronomy" into the schools in this country. I have been anxiously watching the press for years, to find something on this subject adapted to primary instruction as a school book, that should combine enough of the attractions of the science to give it interest, and at the same time, so much of its exact and physical elements as to give it a suitable degree of scientific accuracy. I have a dozen different works purporting to bear something of this character, but am not entirely satisfied with any of them. About a month since, I found your "First Lessons" in Hartford, brought home a copy and examined it, and immediately sent back and purchased all that were at that place. To tell the truth, I had commenced and progressed some chapters in a similar work myself; for my own experience, as a humble teacher and admirer of the science, enables me to say, that

Popular Houses.

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considereble expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 8th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.

nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

NIBLO'S HOTEL, 112 Broadway, OPPOSITE THE CITY HOTEL.—The extensive establishment, being now complete and in order, the proprietor long known to the public, gives notice that he is now prepared for company. tf

WEBB'S CONGRESS HALL,
142 Broadway and Liberty streets.

THE subscriber respectfully announces that Congress Hall is now open and that he will be able to redeem the pledge which he gave to the public in March last, by opening for the accommodation of merchants, private families, and guests in general, this spacious house (belonging to the estate of the late James Anderson, Esq.) which has been fitted up in superior style for a Hotel of the first class. The arrangement, completion, and furnishing of its numerous apartments, have been governed by a liberal regard for the same convenience and enjoyment of the guests; and the same principal will at all times regulate the conduct of the subscriber and his assistants in its arrangement. Its situation is in the most attractive part of Broadway, at a short distance from the principal places of amusement on the one hand, and within a few steps of the centre of mercantile business on the other, and enjoying a free circulation of air so desirable to persons accustomed to the fresh atmosphere of the country, combines all the advantages, while it is subject to none of the causes of complaint which would be incidental to a house of entertainment located in the narrow and confined streets of the commercial parts of the city.

The subscriber observes that during his summer attendance at the Catskill Mountain House, a nother person has applied the name of Congress Hall to the house in Broadway lately known as the National Hotel, whether through ignorance of the subscribers intentions, so long, and in so many ways before the public, or for a cause less justifiable, he will not presume to determine; but he takes occasion to remark that having as early as March last, announced this as the name of the house which he intended to establish; and having sent to Europe at a great expense for plate, cutlery, &c. marked "Congress Hall," he cannot consistently or conveniently adopt another name. It is not therefore, with feelings of hostility towards his neighbor or with a wish to injure him, but from necessity, that he has determined to retain the name fixed on at first; and he wishes the public to understand that the name of the establishment placed at the head of this advertisement is the CONGRESS HALL formerly announced by him; but that to distinguish it as far as practicable from that of his neighbor, it will be known as WEBB'S CONGRESS HALL.

The subscriber tenders his grateful acknowledgements to his friends and the public, for their very liberal support of the Pearl st. and Catskill Mountain House, and indulges a confident hope, that if every advantages which a place of fashionable entertainment can boast in situation and interior comfort, in connexion with prompt attention and long experience on the part of the entertainer, may secure a continuance of patronage, these advantages will be found, and that a stronage bestowed, at his new establishment.

oct 18 CHARLES H. WEBB.

REMOVAL.
L. CRUTTENDEN, of Albany,

HAS left his situation on the "Hill," and has taken the EAGLE TAVERN for a term of years, where he would be pleased to see his *old* acquaintances as well as his *new friends*. N. B. The reasons for the above transaction, (and "they are as plenty as blackberries,") shall be the subject of a forthcoming communication; although many of them he shall reserve for the *private ear* of his friends. He intends, likewise, to give hereafter, a very pompous and swelling account of all the excellent articles that he shall have in the house and on the table; the very superior treatment his guests shall receive &c. &c. He will even enumerate the number of dishes that will be on the table, as well as a number of other, idiculous things that cannot be mentioned at this time.

june 13 1y Eagle Tavern, Albany,
South Market-st., corner of Hamilton.

CONGRESS HALL.
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)

N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regula attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* june 1y

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,
Corner of Bayard Street and the Bowery.

THE undersigned has recently taken this spacious, airy and commodious establishment, and being newly painted and repaired throughout in elegant style, is now in every respect equal to the first hotels in the city, state or union. The location is elevated, healthy and pleasant, and but five minutes walk from the City Hall. The table and the bar are furnished with their appropriate accompaniments, and of a quality calculated to gratify the taste of the most fastidious epicure. The Eastern, or Boston Mail Coach leaves this establishment every morning, and carriages run to and from Wall st. every fifteen minutes. Suffice it to say, that no effort on the subscribers part shall be wanting to deserve the patronage he would most courteously solicit from the gentlemen of leisure, business or pleasure.

1y P. B. WALKER.

Tremont Restorator,
Tudor's Buildings, Court Street, Boston. Mass

JOHN E. HUNT, takes this opportunity of expressing his gratitude to his friends and the public, for their liberal patronage during the past season. The experiment of a *genteel retreat* for refreshments on a plan of the Southern cities, he is gratified to state, has been now successfully tried. The rooms and apartments have been now extensively enlarged, a News Room and Supper Room and several additional small rooms have been added, which will enable the proprietor to furnish Suppers, Game, and Wines, to parties, fire-companies and clubs, in first style, at short notice.

J. E. H. feels confident hat this improvements wil meet with the approbation of the public. His larde will continue to be supplied with the best produce o the market, and his wines have been procured from the best stock in the city. The decorum, propriety, and style of his establishment having secured a liberal patronage, the proprietor hopes that it will be continued and increased.

Regular boarders can be received upon reasonable erms. mar 1 tf

Exchange Coffee House,
Corner of South Market and Hamilton Street
Opposite the Eagle Tavern, Albany.

THE situation of this Hotel is extremely eligible and convenient, is well for the business men of this city as for the traveller, being located in the business part of the city, and in the vicinity of the principal landing place of the steam boats, &c. From the promenade erected on top of the house, a view of the river for many miles, and the surrounding scenery, "with all its pageantry of hill and dale," may be commanded as far as the eye can reach. The subscriber pledges to supply his table with the various delicacies and substantials of the season, and that his bar at all times shall be furnished with the choicest liquor of every description. He trusts that a disposition to please, and an attention to business he may merit and receive the continuance of that patronage which has heretofore been liberally bestowed by a generous public. AMMON RASEY.

N. B. Since the above notice was written, a handsome addition of Parlors have been connected with the establishment, and the principal papers of the different cities have been added to the News Room.

Albany, june 20. 6m

THE subscriber having removed from the Union Coffee House, 43 William Street, to the more desirable location of the Washington Coffee House, corner of Nassau and Cedar Streets; solicits the continuance and patronage of his former friends and customers, who may rely upon his wonted exertions to give general satisfaction.

The bar is provided with the best of wines and liquors omnifarious. Coffee, Tea, and Refreshments to be had at all hours.

may 24. WILLIAM HIGGS, 25 Nassau st. tf.

Popular Houses.

COLUMBIAN & NATIONAL HOTEL,

THE NATIONAL HOTEL, occupied by B. Jessup, and the COLUMBIAN HOTEL, lately occupied by Philander Foboe, with credit to himself and great satisfaction to the public, have been connected for the purpose of furnishing more extensive accommodations and conveniences to travellers and boarders. The buildings have been put in excellent repair, and the Parlors, Sitting Rooms and Chambers so arranged as to furnish the greatest comfort and convenience to private families, travellers and boarders. The furniture is new, and in style corresponding with hotels of the first class. The location is in South Market street, opposite the North River Steamboat landing. The subscriber will give his personal attention to the accommodation and comfort of his guests, and will be responsible for the urbanity and fidelity of his servants. He will claim no more of public patronage than his assiduity in business and the conveniences of his establishment justly entitle him to. A porter, with a wagon, will be in attendance to convey baggage to and from the steamboats, free of charge.

Albany, june 25. B. JESUP.

RAILWAY HOTEL,
CARBONDALE.—Penn.

THIS establishment, having been enlarged and fitted up in a superior manner, is now open for the accommodation of men of business, travellers, and parties of pleasure. The table is furnished with the best of provisions, the bar with the choicest wines, and the reading room with the principal New York, Philadelphia, and other newspapers.—The situation of the village of Carbondale, in the very heart of the mountains, renders it one of the healthiest resorts for invalids and families—the scenery in the vicinity, wild and picturesque, offers the greatest inducement to the admirers of nature, while the extensive coal works of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company (of which this is the seat) the Mines, the Railways, the inclined Plains, by which the coal is conveyed over the mountains, present attractions to every one as well from the novelty as the magnitude of the undertakings. Every attention will be given to the comfort and accommodation of boarders, and travellers may depend upon the most prompt compliance with their wishes. E. M. TOWNSEND,

sept. 27

CARD.

A. P. FONDA, having disposed of his interest in the Merchant's Hotel to Mr. Isaac Hill, late of the Franklin House, New Haven, Conn.) respectfully begs leave to tender his grateful acknowledgements to the guests of the establishment, for their liberal patronage while conducted by Mr. Thurston and himself.

Mr. Fonda solicits his personal friends to continue their patronage to the establishment, as under its present arrangement he is confident a more efficient Host takes his place.

N.B All demands due to or from the firm of Thurston & Fonda, will be settled by Henry Thurston.

A. P. FONDA,
nov1 1m HENRY THURSTON.

Stages and Steamboats.

STEAM-BOAT BOSTON—FOR NEWPORT & PROVIDENCE.
DECEMBER ARRANGEMENT.

THE new & splendid low pressure steam-boat BOSTON Captain Wm. Comstock, will leave the foot of Fulton street, East river, for Newport and Providence, as follows:—Leaves New York Thursday December 13; Tuesday 18; Saturday 22; Thursday 27. Leaves Providence Saturday December 15; Thursday 20; Tuesday 25; Saturday 29. dec15

NEW-YORK AND ALBANY.
NORTH RIVER STEAM BOAT LINE
From the foot of Barclay Street.

THE low pressure steam boat, *NEW PHILADELPHIA,* Capt. G. E. Seymour, leaves New-York every Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock P. M. and Albany every Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 4 o'clock P. M. Leaves Albany Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. For pa sage, apply on board, or at the Office foot of Barclay st. dec15

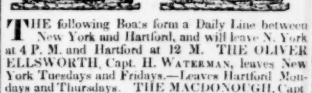
NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
For Newport and Providence.
Arrangements for December—Fare $8 and Found.

THE splendid steam-ship PRESIDENT, Capt. Robert S. Bunker, will leave the East end of Cortlandt street, North river. Leaves New York at 4 o'clock, Friday, December 7; Wednesday, 12; Monday, 17; Friday, 21; Wednesday, 26; Monday, 31. Leaves Providence, 12 o'clock, Monday, December 10; Friday, 14; Wednesday, 19; Monday 24; Friday, 28. For further information, apply at the office No. 14 Broad street, or to the Capt. on board. dec15

PROVIDENCE STEAM-BOAT COMPANY.
ARRANGEMENT FOR DECEMBER.

THE new steam-boat PROVIDENCE, Capt Seth Thayer, will leave NewYork as follows:—Leaves Providence on Thursday December 13; Tuesday 17; Saturday 3; Thursday 27. Leaves New York Saturday Dec. 15; Thursday 30; Tuesday 25; Saturday 29. This boat has two heavy copper boilers, and a low pressure engine; and has been built under the immediate superintendence of Capt. Thayer. For freight or passage, apply to the master on board, or at 26 South Water street, Providence, to PETER F. EWER.
dec 15

NEW-YORK AND HARTFORD
STEAM-BOAT LINE.



THE following Boats form a Daily Line between New York and Hartford, and will leave N. York at 4 P. M. and Hartford at 12 M. THE OLIVER ELLSWORTH, Capt. H. WATERMAN, leaves New York Tuesdays and Fridays.—Leaves Hartford Mondays and Thursdays. THE MACDONOUGH, Capt. JABEZ HOWES, leaves New York Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Leaves Hartford Tuesdays and Fridays. THE CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL, Capt. SAMUEL H. HOWES, leaves New York Mondays and Thursdays.—Leaves Hartford Wednesdays and Saturdays. The above are substantial and well built boats, with low pressure engines. The cabins are airy and pleasant, with every accommodation for passengers. Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boats at Hartford, to convey passengers to Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont.

nov 10 H. BRAINARD, Agent.

BLOOMFIELD.—BELLEVILLE—HOBOKEN & NEW YORK DAILY STAGE.

THE *Belleville Stage Company* having established a line of Stages to run between the above villages and the city of New Yorkk, beg leave to inform the public, that a Stage will leave Darby's Hotel, Bloomfield, every morning at half past 7 o'clock,—Sundays excepted—leave Belleville at 8 o'clock, and New York every afternoon, at 3 o'clock,—Sundays excepted. They have provided themselves with first rate horses and carriages, and a careful driver, and hope, from their efforts to accommodate the public, to receive a liberal share of its patronage. Seats may be taken at Darby's, Bloomfield: and at Randolph's, between Bloomfield and Belleville, and at the Mansion House in Belleville, and at I. Toohey's, 98 Barclay street, N. York. Passengers will be taken up and set down at their residences, if within a reasonable distance of the stage houses.

Horses and Carriages to let at the Mansion House, where parties or individuals can be accommodated.

nov 24 A. P. BEEBE, Agent.

N.-YORK, PROVIDENCE & BOSTON,
VIA NEW LONDON AND NORWICH.

THE elegant steam boat *General Jackson,* Capt. Daniel Havens, will leave boat place foot of Beekman street, every Tuesday and Friday, at 4 o'clock P. M.

N. B. Post Coaches will be in readiness on the Boats arrival at Norwich, to convey passengers to Boston and Providence. Also, at Groton Bank to convey passengers to Providence and Boston.

For further information, enquire at the store of JACOB CORLIES & SONS,
mar 8 tf 2-3, *Pearl street.*

MERCHANT'S LINE.

TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE
Canal for Freight and Passengers.

THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Hunter, No. 7 Coenties slip, corner of Water-st. New York, Platt Williams, Co. Albany; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester; Barker & Holt, Buffalo; P. S. V. Hamot, Erie, Pa; W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelley & Walworth, Cleveland, O.; J. W. Hollister & Co, Sandusky City O.; Gwynne & Baldwin, Columbus, O.; C. W. Gazzam & Co. Cincinnati; O. Neyberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, june 20. 1y *Proprietors*

Stages and Steamboats.

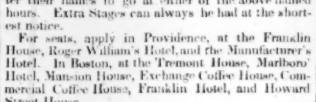
CITIZEN'S LINE.
BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.

STAGES leave Boston for Providence, to intersect with the Steam Boats for New York, every morning, at 5 o'clock. Stages also leave Boston for Providence at 11 1-2 o'clock, A. M., every day, Sundays excepted, and on that day at 8 o'clock, A. M. The above line of Stages carry all passengers that enter their names to go at either of the above named hours. Extra Stages can always be had at the shortest notice.

For seats, apply in Providence, at the Franklin House, Roger William's Hotel, and the Manufacturer's Hotel. In Boston, at the Tremont House, Marlboro' Hotel, Mansion House, Exchange Coffee House, Commercial Coffee House, Franklin Hotel, and Howard Street House.

T. P. BROWN, Boston,
JOEL BLAISDELL, Providence,
apr 19 eply *Agents.*

NEW-HAVEN & HARTFORD
STEAMBOAT LINE.



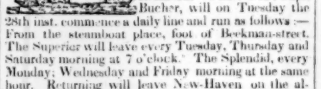
Daily; Sundays excepted. Passage from New-York to Hartford, including stage fare, $3. To New-Haven, $2.

The steamboat SUPERIOR Capt. Sanford, and the new steamboat SPLENDID, Capt. Bucher, will on Tuesday the 28th inst. commence a daily line and run as follows:—From the steamboat place, foot of Beekman-street. The Superior will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning at 7 o'clock. The Splendid, every Monday; Wednesday and Friday morning at the same hour. Returning will leave New-Haven on the alternate day at 12 o'clock, noon.

The Superior is well known to the travelling public, and needs no commendation; no pains nor expense have been spared in the construction of the Splendid to render her in every respect a first rate boat. It is expected she will equal the Superior in speed and in other respects it is hoped she will be thought worthy of her name. The Captain and Agent will not be wanting in their exertions to promote the comfort and safety of passengers.

Excellent Post Coaches and horses are always ready on arrival of the Boat at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence, and Boston. n30

NEW-YORK AND BOSTON
VIA HARTFORD.

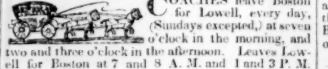


STAGES are in readiness on the arrival of the boats from New York to convey passengers to Boston, and a stage will leave Wildes' stage office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at three o'clock, A. M. passing through Newton, Hollliston, Uxbridge, Thompson, and Coventry, to Hartford, where passengers can take the stage every day for New Haven, and boat from thence to New York; and and boat from Hartford to New York, every day Fare from Boston to Hartford $5; from Hartford to New York $2 50. J. BROOKS & CO.
July27 tf

NEW-YORK AND BOSTON,
VIA NORWICH & NEW LONDON.
Through in 24 hours.

STAGES will leave Wildes's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. for Norwich where this line will intersect with the splendid steam boat General Jackson, for New York, D. Havens, master. This boat has lately commenced running three trips a week, and will in future leave Norwich for N. York at 5 o'clock, P. M. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and arrive in N. York early next morning. Fare $6. Returning, will leave New York, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
july 27 tf J. BROOKS, Agent.

LOWELL AND BOSFON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.



COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WILDE'S, No. 11 ELM STREET,
BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM,
and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stage on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the western, southern and northern stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.

CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES,
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.

Leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street,—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE
and Burlington Mail Stage.

Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
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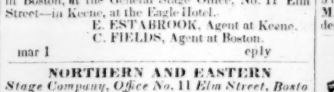
NORTHERN AND EASTERN
Stage Company, Office No. 11 Elm Street, Boston



NEW Line of Stages from Boston to Augusta, Me. through in two days, and fare reduced to $7.

Leaves Boston every morning at 7 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Kennebunk same evening. Leaves Kennebunk next morning and arrives at Hallowell and Augusta same evening. Passes through Haverhill, Exeter, Dover, Kennebunk, Portland, Brunswick, &c., to Augusta. Returns every day in the same order.

ALSO, Stages leave every morning, at half past 7 o'clock, for Haverhill, Exeter, Portsmouth, Newmarket, Durham, and Dover. *Returning*—Leaves Dover every morning, at 7 o'clock, on the same route to Boston. They meet every day at Dover, the Great Falls, Berwick, Kennebunk, Saco, and Portland; on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Sandford, Alfred, Buxton, Gorham, and Portland; also, the Rochester, Wakefield, Fryeburg, and White Mountain; also, the Wolfeborough, and Moultenborough Sandwich Stages.

Northern Stages—Leave every morning at 7 o'clock, for Concord, Hanover, Haverhill, Burlington, Montreal, and Quebec,—and return every afternoon.

Accommodation Stages—Leave every morning, at half past 7 o'clock, for Andover, Haverhill, Amesbury, and Newburyport; and returns every afternoon.—Also, leave, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at half past 2 o'clock, P. M. for Reading, Andover, Bradford, and Haverhill,—and return by the same route, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Lowell, Dover, Portsmouth, and Newburyport Stages, Leave each place every morning—meet at Haverhill, and return every afternoon.

☞ *Extra Carriages* always in readiness. The Company not accountable for Money or Baggage, unless delivered to an authorized agent. *Sundays* always excepted in our Advertisements.

HIRAM PLUMMER, *Agent.*
mar 1 tf

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.
Earl's, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.

NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.

Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.

Albany Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield, and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.

Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.

Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Wookstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 2d day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.

Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.

Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', Grafton, Milbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extra Cacches furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

Stages and Steamboats.

Oppose Monopoly—Encourage Opposition.

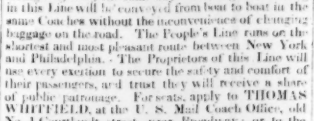
PEOPLE'S LINE to PHILADELPHIA.

Fare Through $3.

THE subscribers inform their friends and the public, that they have established a complete Line of Steam-boats and Coaches, to convey passengers to Philadelphia. The People's line leaves New York every Morning at six o'clock, (Sundays excepted,) from Pier No. 2, North River, by steamboat to Price's Point, N. J. where first-rate Coaches are in readiness to convey passengers to Bordentown, and from thence, by steam boat, to Philadelphia, arriving *early* the same day. Passengers travelling in this Line will be conveyed from boat to boat in the same Coaches without the inconvenience of changing baggage on the road. The People's Line runs on the shortest and most pleasant route between New York and Philadelphia. The Proprietors of this Line will use every exertion to secure the safety and comfort of their passengers, and trust they will receive a share of public patronage. For seats, apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, at the U. S. Mail Coach Office, old No. 1 Courtlandt street, near Broadway; or to the Agent, on board the Steam-boat, Pier No. 2, North River, Washington street, foot of Morris street. N.B. All baggage and goods at the risk of the owners.

RESIDE, SLAYMAKER & TOMLINSON,
New York, Nov 17 tf Proprietors

HUDSON RIVER NIGHT LINE.
TO THE DAY LINE STEAM BOAT
ERIE, Capt. Robert J. Vandevater.



THE Low Pressure Steamboats, OHIO, Capt. Martin Bartholomew; CONSTITUTION, Capt. Alfred Hoyt; CONSTELLATION, Capt Robert G. Crattenden. One of these boats will leave New York for Albany, every afternoon at 5 o'clock, (except Sundays,) and will leave Albany for New York, every afternoon at 4 o'clock. The Sunday Boat from New York, will leave at 7 o'clock.

DAY LINE.

THE new Steamboats NOVELTY, Capt. Daniel Peck, CHAMPLAIN, Capt. Gorham, will leave New York for Albany, at 7 o'clock, A. M. in the following order: *From New York*—NOVELTY, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. CHAMPLAIN Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. *From Albany*—NOVELTY, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; CHAMPLAIN, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Friday's. For berths or passage, apply at the office, foot of Courtland-st., or on board. Freight to be sent before 4 o'clock, P. M. june 28.

TREMONT LINE.
BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
FARE TWO DOLLARS.

A NEW and elegant Line of Post Coaches, has commenced running between the two cities as follows:—Leaves Boston every morning (except Sundays,) at 1-2 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Providence before 12 M., over an hour before the boats leave for New-York. Returning leaves Providence on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston, in less than six hours, from one to two hours before the remainder o the stages of the old line.

The proprietors of this line, respectfully inform their friends, and all those who may be pleased to favor them with their patronage, that notwithstanding the managers of the boats have made, and still are making extraordinary efforts to induce all passengers to avoid our line, and go in the Citizens', for reasons beyond our knowledge, yet we have had and always shall have a stage on the wharf at the boat on its arrival (except Sunday,) expressly for the accommodation of those o our friends, who will please not to pay their stage fare on board the boat, assuring them that we shall always live up to our advertisements, any management on board the boats to the contrary notwithstanding.

For seats or further information, apply in Providence at the Tremont Stage Office, Market Square, opposite the Franklin Hotel—in Boston, at the City Tavern, Brattle Street, or Washington Coffee House, Washington Street.

C. B. WILDER, *Agent.*
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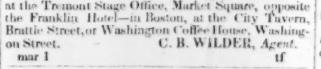
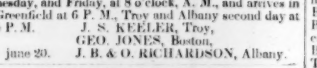
PHENIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcester and Providence Stages.



LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hill, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Chademont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Brigham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M.

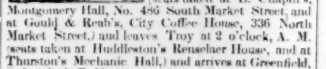
J. S. KELLER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston,
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.



LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. (seats taken at C. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 486 South Market Street, and at Gould & Reab's, City Coffee House, 336 North Market Street,) and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. seats taken at Huddleston's Rensehaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall,) and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.



LOWELL, WORCESTER, NORWICH, CT., & N. YORK Line of Stages, leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 A. M. and arrive in Worcester at 4 P. M. and in New York the 3rd day at 7 P. M.—Returning, leave Worcester, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Lowell, at 4 P. M.

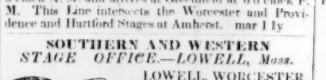
LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO AND ALBANY Stages, leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursday and Saturdays, at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days.—Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves and Walpole, N. H. every other stage, Albany, Tuesdays Thursdays, and Saturdays, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day—intersecting at Lowell all the eastern stages for Newburyport, Dover, Saco, and Portland.

LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 3d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 4 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Great Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell

Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.

THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent,
a2 tf *Lowell.*

LOWELL & BOSTON.
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.



COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) a 7 o'clock, for Newhampshire, Vermont, and Canada All of the above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
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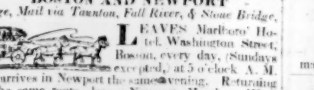
NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.

THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves *Jersey City,* on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Bottle-Hill, Morristown, Mendham, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington,* &c. At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Mauch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre,* &c. For seats, apply to John Patten, 73, Courtlandt Street. New-York; or J. I. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners

mar 8 tf J. I. ROY & CO.

BOSTON AND NEWPORT
Stage, Mail via Taunton, Fall River, & Stone Bridge,



LEAVES Marlboro' Hotel, Washington Street, Boston, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Newport the same evening. Returning by the same route—leaves Newport, Mondays, Wednesday, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, and arrives in Boston the same evening. Leaves Newport, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7 o'clock A. M., and arrives in Boston the same evening. Fare $4.

JESSE SMITH, & Co.
r1 epl *Proprietors.*

New Inventions.

RODGER'S PATENT
Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance
FIRE ENGINE.

JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Watervliet, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine,* and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skilful Engineers at the United States' Arsenals at Schenectady and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other engines, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 20.

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE.

ECONOMY and Luxury combined in *JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD!*—The Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgements for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty, and finish, of the ornamental Parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed, and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids, and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire, to boarding-house Keepers, to masters of vessels, to the owners of rotuating rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable. The extraordinary demand for the Patent Sofa Bedstead is the best criterion of its utility. Upwards of seven Hundred of them have been manufactured by the Patentee within a short period, the ir value at a fair estimate, being sixty Thousand Dollars. These Bedsteads are adapted to any climate, and may be transported at a trifling expense. The Proprietor warrants the Sofa Bedstead to fully answer the description which has been given of its merits; and, from his long experience in this particular line of business, all attempts at imitation on the part of Pretenders, may be regarded as impositions, and, as such, ought to be guarded against by the community.

N. B. The Patentee now offers for Sale, Paten Rights to applicants in any part of the United States The Subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory,

148, *GRAND-